

L O U I S A;

OR, THE REWARD OF

AN AFFECTIONATE DAUGHTER.

A NOVEL,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR T. HOOKHAM, NEW BOND-STREET.

1790.

L O U I S

BY THE REV. J. H. B. H. H. H.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM



THE BRITISH MUSEUM

VOLUME II

L O N D O N

PRINTED BY T. BODLEY, NEW BROAD STREET.

1851

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LOUISA, &c.

MISS DIGBY TO MISS MORDAUNT,
IN CONTINUATION.

Hanover.

DEAREST HARRIOT,

WE arrived here last night, exceedingly fatigued with the journey, having found the roads and accommodations, even worse than we had been led to expect; the former we were forced to submit to patiently, but the latter we had fortunately guarded against, by the precautions taken at Osnaburgh. Our first post was to

VOL. II. B Brompté,

Bompté, twenty-one English miles, a miserable village; from this place to Diepenau is twenty-four miles, the road very bad all the way. It is impossible to describe the wretchedness of the miserable inhabitants of these villages; the children run about quite naked; in the houses, or rather hovels, the family and the cattle pig all together, and are buried in dirt and filthiness; the post-house was more decent than we expected to find, and contrasted with the others, had even an appearance of cleanliness;—as this is nearly half way from Osnaburgh to Hanover, those who travel this road, generally sleep here, as we did, and had very good beds, though I did not venture between the sheets, but lay down in my cloaths, ordering Sally to throw the coverlid over me. At four in the morning we proceeded to Leese, a miserable post-house, kept by an old woman, who answered

ed the description of Otway's hag in the Orphan, or Unhappy Marriage; my father said, she wanted only a broom, to resemble one of Macbeth's witches. Here the road divides, one way leading through Hagenburgh to Hanover, and the other (which is the great post-road) through Nuneburgh to Ham-
burgh. We of course took the road to Hagenburgh, which is a very pleasant village; the post-house remarkably neat; it attracted my notice by a railed fence, painted white, which enclosed the garden, as I had seen nothing of the kind since we left Holland. Here we had a very comfortable dinner, which we enjoyed the more, from comparing it with the miserable places we had passed through. From Hagenburgh to Hanover, is eighteen English miles, the road very broad and good, as you may suppose, when I tell you that we were only three hours and a half in going

it ; there was also a liveliness in it, to which we had been long unaccustomed ; we met several gentlemen's carriages, there being many country houses belonging to the nobility and gentry on this road. We stopped half an hour at a small neat house, which was very full of company, and not unlike those places of entertainment which are so much frequented by tradesmen and their families in the vicinity of London. We reached the gates a little before sunset, and ordered our carriage to the house of Monsieur M——, to whom my father had letters of recommendation and credit from his banker, and who had written to us at the Hague, and politely invited us to reside with him during our short stay in this city, which my father accepted, thinking it would be more agreeable to me, than an inn ; but in case we remain here any time, we shall provide ourselves

private

private apartments. Monsieur M. is a widower, and has only one child, a daughter, about eighteen, who will have a very considerable fortune ;—she was educated in England, and appears to be a very sweet girl, and highly accomplished. I am sure I shall be vastly pleased with her. After a slight supper, she attended me to an elegant apartment, consisting of an anti-chamber, bed-chamber, dressing-room, and a large light closet, with a tent bed for Sally ; after saying she hoped I would consider myself at home, she wished me a good night, and retired. Not having been so comfortably accommodated for some time, and being a good deal fatigued, I fell asleep almost as soon as I got into bed, and did not awake till Sally came to tell me the family were assembled at breakfast. I hurried on a morning dress, and was conducted into the breakfast-room, which was

elegantly furnished, and looked into the garden. Miss M. was dressed à l'Anglaise, and looked very beautiful; she was seated at the tea-table when I entered, and paid her compliments to me, very gracefully. After breakfast, Monsieur M. proposed driving through some of the principal streets in his coach, before dinner, but I begged to be excused, as I wished to dedicate a little time to my dear Harriot, and give Sally some directions for adjusting my wardrobe. In my next, I hope to give you joy of the safe arrival of your brother, who must be here very shortly, unless my father's letter from Amsterdam miscarried, or he is detained by sickness; in which latter case, you, my dear, would certainly have written to me, as any letters that might come after we left Amsterdam, were ordered to be forwarded to us here, under cover to Monsieur M. Indeed I know not
 what

what to think, and own that this unexpected delay, gives me great uneasiness;—I will, however, hope the best, and have recourse to my pen for amusement. Sally attends to dress me, so I must leave off; when I have leisure, I will give you a short description of this city, the capital of the electorate; on second thoughts, as the post is just going for England, I will send this with my father's packet. As we are stationary here for some time, I expect to hear from you as soon as possible after you receive this; if our dear Charles is really ill, pray do not conceal the truth from me, for almost any news is preferable to this uncertainty.—Adieu, my dear friend; my father sends a large packet to colonel Nugent, and a letter to lord L *. Give my affectionate love to your dear mother, and believe me to be, your's most sincerely,

LOUISA DIGBY.

* These letters do not appear.

MISS DIGBY TO MISS MORDAUNT.

Hanover, August.

MY DEAR HARRIOT,

I HAVE given into the wishes of my dear father, and this worthy family, in attending them all over this city and environs, and endeavour to seem pleased with what I see and hear, though my heart is ill at ease;—what adds to my uneasiness, is, the surprise which my father cannot now and then help expressing at Mr. Mordaunt's delay, though he takes great pains to conceal it from me; and as mere conjectures serve only to perplex and distress me, I very readily concur with him in avoiding all conversation on the subject. I cannot say that this city answers my expectation; perhaps the fault is in myself; for we certainly see things in a different light, according to the

the different temper we are in at the time;—though some of the buildings are very grand, and it is the residence of the principal Hanoverian nobility, yet the place seems thinly inhabited, and is very dull. Here is nothing of the hurry and bustle of Amsterdam, and very little of the gaiety and elegance of the Hague; and were it not for the military, there would be no life in it; indeed, many of the first families are at their country seats, and the places of public amusement are shut up, which must make the town appear to less advantage; the officers seem to be in general genteel men, for the Hanoverian, is esteemed a very honourable service. We were on the parade yesterday to see the grand guard relieved, which was a very pleasing sight. I was a good deal surprised to see that the commanding officer wore the English order of St. George, with the garter

blue ribband. On pointing him out to my father, he told me it was prince Charles of Mecklenburgh, second brother to the queen. Almost instantly one of his highness's aids-de-camp came to us with the prince's compliments, and an invitation to my father to dine on the following day; the book in which our names were entered at the gate, being always laid before the prince every morning. After dinner, we drove to the palace of Herenhausen, about three miles distant; the house is neither large nor commodious, the paintings very indifferent, and the furniture greatly decayed, but the gardens, though quite in the Dutch taste, are extremely agreeable on account of the fountains, which play every evening in fine weather; the largest rises to a surprising height; the column of water which is forced up into the air, appearing to be larger in circumference than a man's body. This

palace and garden were great favorites of the late king's, and we were shewn a small room, where he retired to smok ; and the very arm-chair in which he used to sit, with a fatten cushion, nearly devoured by the moths, was pointed out to us. The inhabitants are extremely attentive to the English, and value themselves not a little, in giving kings to England, from the electoral house of Hanover. The grand parade is surrounded with barracks for the troops ; near it is a very pleasant walk below the rampart, with a double row of trees ; but it is frequented only by the bourgeoisie. People of fashion seldom walk on foot, and as but little trade is carried on here, you meet few persons in the streets, which gives the city a melancholy appearance. We have received invitations to the houses of the principal families, which I requested my father to decline accepting

at present ;—we, however, attended a private concert this evening, where I was prevailed on to play the harpsichord. Miss M. was the principal vocal performer, though she insisted on yielding the palm to me ;—she sings delightfully, and is indeed a charming girl. My watch reminds me that it is midnight, and time to prepare for rest ; the night is uncommonly sultry, and I have observed some faint flashes of lightning.—Adieu, my friend, my sister ; what pleasure will a line from you give to,

Your affectionate,

LOUISA DIGBY.

Miss

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MISS DIGBY IN CONTINUATION.

OH! my dear Harriot, it is impossible for me to describe the terrors I have suffered, from the violence of the storm last night, or rather this morning; when I retired at midnight, the air was uncommonly close, heavy, and sultry; I suppose I might have been asleep about two hours, when I was awaked by a loud clap of thunder, which was almost immediately succeeded by a dreadful flash of lightning, and another tremendous explosion; unfortunately there were no shutters to the windows, only curtains, and Venetian blinds, through which the lightning darted in a dreadful manner. Knowing, as you well do, what I suffer from apprehension in storms of this kind, you will sincerely pity your poor friend;—I had not courage to get out of bed, till the thunder seeming

ing to burst directly over the house, I flew into Sally's room, who was found asleep, notwithstanding this convulsion of the elements, but was as much frightened as myself, when I awoke her. The storm continued without intermission, till five o'clock; and the wind, which was perfectly still when I went to bed, now blew a hurricane; at length it began to rain violently, which in about an hour considerably abated the thunder and the wind; but the storm was not over till eight o'clock,—so that it lasted about six hours. At seven, I sent Sally into Miss M.'s room, who as well as myself, had been excessively frightened, and had just ventured into the breakfast parlour; the moment Sally returned, I dressed myself and went down to Miss M. I found her father and mine with her, and she was just coming to my apartment, when I joined them;—the effect which this dreadful storm
has

has had on the garden, in so short a time, is incredible; the walks are strewed with leaves, and small boughs from the trees, and the walls stript of a great quantity of fruit which had been preserved with the utmost care;—a very large vine, abundantly loaded with grapes, is entirely destroyed; and this beautiful little spot, which yesterday made so pleasing an appearance, now looks like a wilderness. We expect to hear of a great deal of damage being done, especially at sea *. Good God! my dear friend, who knows but Charles might have been on his passage from Harwich to Helveot last night. I am almost dead with apprehensions;—my dear father sees my uneasiness, and comforts me by saying, that he certainly must have crossed over before this time; nothing, however, but the sight of him,

* This storm happened exactly as related, at the latter end of August, 1777.

or an undoubted assurance by letter, that he is out of danger, will quiet my mind. I am persuaded to lie down an hour before dinner ; my father and our worthy friends, will do the same, as every body was disturbed by the violence of the storm ; in the evening, or to-morrow, I will resume my pen. Six o'clock—would any one believe, that there could have been so violent a storm, twelve hours ago ?—The sky is now as clear as possible, the sun bright and warm, and the late boisterous wind, softened into a pleasing gentle breeze ; but notwithstanding these favourable appearances, I dread the thought of going to bed, for fear of being again awoke with the same tremendous noise ; but my father assures me, I may dismiss my apprehensions, as the violence of the recent storm has entirely cleared the air, and that we shall probably have fine weather for some time. I must bid

you adieu, having consented to take a ride with Miss M. and the gentlemen, on a beautiful little horse, borrowed for me.—My suspense, I think, must be at an end in a very short time—the arrival of our dear Charles, or letters from him, or you, must soon remove my present uneasiness.—Farewell, my dear Harriot. What pleasure will it give me to be able to acquaint you in my next, that Charles is come!—Believe me ever,

Your sincere friend,

LOUISA DIGBY.

MR.

MR. DIGBY TO COLONEL NUGENT.

Hanover.

MY DEAR COLONEL,

THOUGH I conceal my uneasiness as much as possible from my daughter, yet I cannot help being alarmed on account of Charles Mordaunt—for unless my letter to him from Amsterdam, miscarried, or some accident has befallen him, which heaven forbid, he must have joined us here before this. Indeed I fully expected that he would have overtaken us on the road, and staid two days at Osnaburgh, in that hope—pray, my dear colonel, relieve my present anxiety, by writing me immediately. I cannot help observing Louisa's apprehensions, and endeavour all in my power, to keep up her spirits, though I doubt and fear, that all is not well.—

Mr.

Mr. M—, to whom I was recommended, has insisted on accommodating us in his own house—he is a very worthy, respectable man; and his daughter, of whom he is exceedingly and deservedly fond, is an amiable girl;—she and Louisa are almost inseparable. We have had the most violent storm, for the time it lasted, that I ever remember, and I fear we shall read accounts of its having done a great deal of damage. If Charles was on the sea that night, he probably is no more; as I think it next to impossible for the packet to ride out such a tempest; and the former part of the night, as well as several days before, being very fine, there was every appearance of their making a good passage, and they probably went to sea, it being unfortunately the night of the packet's sailing; but I will not indulge such gloomy reflections; his speedy arrival, or your letter, will, I hope, give all
our

our fears to the wind.—We have had many invitations from the nobility, but, at my daughter's request, have declined accepting most of them. The prince of M———g, sent an aide-de-camp to enquire after our health, the morning after we arrived.—I am just returned from paying my respects to his highness;—I had been in his company at the earl's :—he perfectly remembered lady Caroline, who was too beautiful for any man who had even only once seen her, to forget; and asked me some questions, that revived a painful remembrance of former scenes—he insists on being introduced to Louisa, as he says, he does not think she can be handsomer than her mother was, when he saw her. It would be the height of vanity in me, colonel, to attempt to give you a description of this, or any other place, in our route. You have visited all the German courts, and been furnished

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nished with opportunities, from your
 profession, of making observations far,
 very far, superior to any which can fall
 from my pen, or indeed come within
 my notice.—Adieu, my dear colonel ;
 let me hear from you by the first mail,
 and be assured that I remain,

Your very sincere friend,

JOHN DIGBY.

MISS

MISS DIGBY TO MISS MORDAUNT,

Hanover.

MY DEAR HARRIOT,

MR. M. is obliged to go to Zell, to settle a long account with a Mrs. Sinclair, to whose daughter he was left guardian by colonel Sinclair, a Scots officer in the Dutch service.—This young lady has been of age about three months, and retired with her mother to Zell, about fourteen years ago, where she has resided ever since, except the time she was in a convent for her education.—As we found the ladies claimed his promise of bringing miss M. along with him, my father declared, that if he refused to comply with their request on our account, he would immediately leave his house. Miss M. was not, however, to be prevailed on to accompany her father, assuring me, in the
most

most engaging and affectionate manner, that she feared she should too soon lose the pleasure of my company, and would not on any account accept an invitation which would deprive her of the smallest part of the happiness she at present enjoyed—the tears, which stood in her fine eyes, spoke the sincerity of her heart, and I embraced her with a sisterly affection. My father was greatly pleased with Miss M.'s sensibility, and immediately proposed a plan, which we all approved;—it was to be of their party to Zell, the distance being only thirty English miles, a very easy day's journey.—One of Mr. M.'s clerks was sent for directly, and instructed to send any letters which might come for us, by express to Zell;—and if Mr. Mordaunt arrived, and was desirous of following us, to attend him himself;—and the day after to-morrow, we set out on this little excursion. Miss M. and myself, and our

two

two maids, are to go in Mr. M.'s coach ; as the weather is delightful, the gentlemen are determined to ride on horseback, and Miss M.'s, and that borrowed for me, which is a beautiful creature, are to be led by the servants, should we feel disposed to mount them on the road—very little preparation is necessary for this journey, and I enter into it with better spirits than I have had for many days past. We purpose being absent a week, unless letters from England occasion our return sooner.—If Charles arrives, there is no doubt but he will follow us ; and, (if all be well) I think it next to impossible, but *that* must be the case—at all events, I will write you from Zell, and will send this packet by the post, which is just setting out for Amsterdam.—Believe me,

Your affectionate friend,

LOUISA DIGBY.

P. S. I

P. S. I hope you do not fail to give my most respectful love to your dear mother, and compliments to all enquiring friends, though I do not charge you with them in every letter.

MISS DIGBY TO MISS MORDAUNT.

Zell.

MY DEAR HARRIOT,

WE arrived here on Tuesday night, after a very agreeable day's journey. When we got about five miles from Hanover, the fineness of the morning tempting us to leave the carriage, we mounted our horses, and rode to the village of Engsen, which is just half way to Zell, where we staid to dine;—in the afternoon we proceeded on our journey in the carriage; our beloved fathers riding at our sides on horseback, through a very pleasant country, 'till we came within six miles of the city, when we could plainly distinguish the castle, which stands very high, and makes a noble appearance;—we again mounted our horses, and passed through a thick wood, which reaches within a mile of the city. At the entrance

trance into the town, we got into the carriage, which drove to a large hotel in the market-place, where we found very good accommodations. Mr. M. sent a servant to inform Mrs. Sinclair of his arrival, and that he would wait on her in the morning; but declined accepting the invitation to her house, as he had friends from England along with him, whom he intended to introduce to her. As it was almost dusk when we arrived, we contented ourselves with a short walk through the principal street, whilst supper was preparing, which we ordered early, that we might view the castle in the morning. It was formerly a fortress of great strength, and the residence of the ancient dukes of Zell; but on coming into the family of the duke of Hanover, who was soon after created the 9th elector, it gradually fell to decay. We were obliged, however, to postpone our intention of visiting this castle in the morning, by a note from

Mrs. Sinclair, desiring the favor of our company at breakfast, which invitation we were obliged to accept. Mr. M. informed us, that this lady was born at Utrecht, of English parents, who had resided there many years; her father enjoying the small place of commissary under the king of England;—there she first saw colonel Sinclair, who was then an ensign in a Scots regiment, in the service of the states. On his obtaining a company, they were married, and lived together happily many years, on a slender income;—her mother died soon after her marriage, and on the death of her father, she came into the possession of about 3000*l.* sterling; and her husband having obtained the rank of lieutenant colonel, they were enabled to live very genteely, having only one daughter, who was about seven years old when the colonel died; they were with him in garrison at his death, and after settling her affairs, she came, by the advice

of Mr. M. who was appointed guardian to her daughter, to this city, as a very cheap and pleasant retirement;—here she has continued fourteen years, and means to end her days.—Miss Sinclair's fortune is 2000*l.* on coming of age, with 3000*l.* on the death of her mother,—an addition, Mr. M. says, she does not wish, being a very dutiful and worthy young woman. She is engaged to an officer in the service of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassell; but, like her mother, prudently defers her marriage, till he obtains further promotion, which he hopes to accelerate, by exchanging into the Prussian service, where the rise is quicker.—We walked to her house in the morning, which is pleasantly situated at the extremity of the town, on the road to Bergen, which leads to Ham-
burgh; we entered the house through a small flower garden, laid out in a very pretty taste, surrounded with a low wall and white rails in front. Mrs. Sinclair

received her friend Mr. M. and his daughter, with great cordiality; and my father and self, with as much politeness. Miss Sinclair is a fine tall girl, with light hair, blue eyes, very fine teeth, and high cheek bones; it seems she is the exact resemblance of her father, who was a very handsome man, and a brave officer. She seemed delighted to see her young friend, and paid her compliments to me in a very pleasing manner. We were shewn into a handsome parlour, the windows of which command a very extensive prospect;—the neatness of the house, furniture, and garden, pleased me beyond measure. Indeed it is impossible for a traveller to pass through Zell, without taking notice of Mrs. Sinclair's residence, which stands at the extremity of the town, on the left hand, in the road to Haarburch and Hamburgh. The family consists only of Mrs. Sinclair, her daughter, two maids and a man servant; they are greatly respected,

and

and visited by all the nobility of the place; they have a coach of their own, and hire horses and a coachman, when they pay visits. Mr. M. fixed the next morning for the business of surrendering up his trust to Miss Sinclair, though he has consented, at her request, to manage her affairs whilst she remains single. After a very agreeable breakfast, we returned to our hotel, having engaged the ladies to dine and spend the day with us; to which they consented, on condition that we should be their guests to-morrow; the forenoon of which, will be taken up in business, and the afternoon is to be devoted to a visit to the castle, which I have a great desire to see. Having settled these important matters, we walked over great part of this city, which, though not near so large as Hanover, is, in my opinion, a much more agreeable place; it is as well built, and better paved; and principally inhabited by gentry, who live

here in a very elegant stile, at a small expence. There is a fine walk shaded from the sun by a double row of trees, with benches for the accommodation of the company, which is frequented every evening, in good weather, by persons of fashion; and is, I am told, sometimes quite crowded, when the card parties are over, which generally break up at eight o'clock. We purpose joining the company this evening, and I must retire to dress, as Miss M. will not countenance me in appearing in a riding habit, which would have saved some trouble;—but she is arming herself at all points for conquest, though too lovely to need any ornaments; for my part, I am contented to maintain the ground I have already gained, and think it a kind of infidelity to my dear Charles, to engage the attention of any other man; I mean, my dear, as an admirer. Coquetry and flirtations, were always my abhorrence, which probably arose from my
early

early attachment to your brother; whose person and engaging manners, are in my opinion, not to be equalled; at least none of those who honored me with their devoirs, stood any chance of rivalling him in my affections. Whilst the deeds are signing, which are to give Miss Sinclair full power over herself and fortune, Miss M. and I purpose making a little excursion on horseback, and the afternoon is to be employed in a visit to the castle, of which I will give you a short account before I close this letter. The morning after, we return to Hanover, from whence my father will send a servant express to England, as he now confesses he begins to be very uneasy that Charles is not arrived, and at the long silence of lord L. and colonel Nugent. For myself, I feel a dejection of spirits, which I fear forebodes no good; nor can all my endeavours to banish the gloomy train of ideas, which succeed each other, be for a moment attended

with the shadow of success;—but am I not ungrateful to the best of fathers, by causing him the uneasiness which he visibly suffers on my account?—His life is far dearer to me than my own; and if I cannot be really happy, I will at least endeavour to appear to be so, in his company.—But I must lay down my pen—Oh! Harriot, Harriot, should I not be united to my dear Charles—should not that wish of my heart, which his merit, and my father's sanction, authorised me to indulge, be gratified—wretched will be the future days of your unhappy friend!—But I will not give way to such gloomy thoughts;—I will seek the amiable Miss M. whose smiling countenance shews the peace that reigns within; and when alone I will go on with my journal, though I fear you have been long since heartily tired of my descriptions.

FRIDAY NIGHT—IN CONTINUATION.

WE had a delightful ride yesterday,
and

and were afterwards entertained by Mrs. Sinclair, in a stile of elegant simplicity, which spoke the taste of her, and her agreeable daughter. After taking coffee, we drove to the castle, having sent in the morning to signify our intention. The maitre d'hotel attended to receive us.—I was surprised to find the greater part of this castle, miserably neglected; the damage done by the prisoners, who, to the amount of four thousand, were confined here, during the late war, and who tore down the hangings, and spoilt all the furniture, has not been repaired since. There is indeed one fine suite of apartments, elegantly fitted up, and furnished in the English fashion, by order of his majesty, for the accommodation of his sister Matilda, the late unfortunate queen of Denmark, who resided here two years, and died in this castle of a purple fever, attended with a dropsy. The maitre d'hotel, a kind of deputy governor, spoke in raptures of

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the affability of this unhappy princess; who, though treated with the highest marks of respect, and an appearance of freedom, was in fact, no other than a state prisoner. She never left the castle but once, on a visit to her sister, the princess of Brunswick; and then she wrote to England for the king's leave, and was escorted by a party of Hanoverian troops. She frequently walked about the town, attended by two ladies, and the deputy governor, who was appointed by the court of Denmark. The princess of Brunswick visited her several times; and a theatre within the castle, which had been long neglected, was fitted up in a very pretty manner, and the players from **Hamburgh** occasionally engaged to perform before her;—but she found very little relief from these or any other amusements. The refusal of her request to see her children, (the present prince and princess royal of Denmark) which she made repeatedly

peatedly without success, preyed continually on her spirits. She had for some time laboured under a dropical complaint, which would probably have occasioned her death, had she not been seized with a fever, which resisted all medicine, and put an end to her life. The *matre d'hotel* shewed me her picture, set in gold (a great likeness) which she gave him a short time before she expired. We observed a portrait of his majesty, over the chimney piece of the drawing-room, with some others of the royal family, especially one of the late duke of York, who died at Monaco, of whom she was remarkably fond. The inhabitants speak highly of her affability and charity. She commonly attended divine service, at the parish church, though a very neat chapel was fitted up in the castle for her. She was also buried in the parish church, at her own particular desire. We were shewn the place of her interment, though as
yet

yet no monument is erected to her memory. Prince Ernest, the queen's youngest brother, resides here as commandant, but not in the castle, there being no apartments proper for him; those which were fitted up for the late queen of Denmark, and the princess of Brunswick, who frequently visited her, being reserved for the use of his majesty, should he ever visit his German dominions; in which case the inhabitants of Zell flatter themselves with the honor of seeing their king in this city, which we leave to-morrow, on our return to Hanover.—Adieu, my dear Harriot; distribute love and compliments where due, for

Your sincere and affectionate friend,

LOUISA DIGBY.

COL.

COLONEL NUGENT TO MR. M.

Harley-street,

SIR,

I TAKE the precaution of sending the enclosed letter to my friend Mr. Digby, through your hands, requesting the favour of you to prepare him, in the best manner you can, for the reception of the bad news I am under the necessity of communicating to him.--Poor Mr. Mordaunt lies dangerously ill, from several wounds he received last night in returning from a friend's house two of the villains have escaped; a third is in custody, who has made a shocking discovery.—It was owing to a mere accident, that I became acquainted with this melancholy affair, which I have every reason to fear will terminate in Mr. Mordaunt's death, and involve my friend and his affectionate daughter, in the deepest affliction.

fiction. On your prudence and friendship I rely, to use all possible delicacy and tenderness, in preparing Mr. Digby to meet this stroke of adversity with fortitude ;—I would advise by all means, to keep this misfortune from Miss Digby, as long as possible—and when it can be no longer concealed altogether from her, to acquaint her only, that Mr. Mordaunt was taken ill suddenly the day before he intended to set out for the continent, and is not yet sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey.—I have every thing to hope from the strength of my friend's mind, and doubt not of his acting with the utmost coolness and judgment, when he has recovered the first shock, which my relation of this unfortunate affair, must give him.—I would come over to him immediately, did I not think my attendance necessary on Mr. Mordaunt, who is yet insensible of his misfortune.

I shall

I shall be impatient to hear how my dear friend bears this ill news, and what measures he means to pursue ; and will be much obliged to you to write me as soon as possible—till when,

I remain, dear Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

S. NUGENT.

COLONEL

COLONEL NUGENT TO JOHN DIGBY, ESQ.

(INCLOSED IN THE FOREGOING.)

Harley-street.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU are called upon for an exertion of all that fortitude and judgment, which you possess in a superior degree, and which you so much stand in need of, on the present melancholy occasion. Presuming that Mr. M. has complied with my request, in preparing you for the ill news I am obliged to communicate, I will relate, in the best order I can, as many of the circumstances attending this horrid affair, as have yet come to my knowledge—and which I owe to a mere accident.—We are, however, in a way to obtain all necessary information, and shall, doubtless, be able to bring the wretch to public punishment, who has disgraced his
rank,

rank, and rendered his very name detestable by the base and cowardly assassination of a worthy and innocent man ; but to the point.—As my friend, captain Manly, on Sunday evening about twelve o'clock, was returning from Great George-street, he observed three or four men, who appeared to be fighting under the dead wall near Scotland-yard, and supposing them to be in liquor, was passing on, when he heard the clashing of swords ; on which he crossed the street directly, and found three men armed with swords, assaulting a fourth, who was placed with his back against the wall, and defending himself with nothing but a cane ;—just as he joined them, the gentleman dropt, uttering a deep groan.—Captain Manly instantly drew, and ran the villain who was nearest him, into the side, who fell, declaring he was a dead man ;—this on the two other villains made their

their escape, which they could easily do, my friend's attention being wholly engaged, in assisting the unfortunate gentleman, who lay bleeding on the ground, and appeared to be mortally wounded : the fellow whom captain Manly had wounded, seemed also to be dying, and groaned dreadfully.—On calling loudly and repeatedly, for the watch, assistance was at last got, and both the wounded men were carried into a public house that fortunately happened to be open. They were both insensible ; the gentleman was carried up stairs and laid upon a bed by captain Manly's orders, whilst he ran for a surgeon of his acquaintance in the neighbourhood, who luckily was not gone to bed ; the wounded gentleman, who yet lay in a state of total insensibility, was undressed, by order of the surgeon, who, on examining his wounds, declared them to be very dangerous, which, together with the

loss

loss of so much blood, left very little
 hope of recovery ;—it was a long time
 before they could stop the bleeding,
 which was at last effected ;—during this
 time, the servant, for such he appeared
 to be, was laid on a couch in the back
 room, and was yet in a fainting fit.—
 As no information of the name or resi-
 dence of this unhappy gentleman, could
 be obtained, he being a perfect stranger
 to captain Manly and the surgeon, it
 was proposed to search his pockets, in
 hopes of finding his place of residence ;
 on doing so, they found a letter directed
 to the Reverend Mr. Mordaunt, and
 signed John Digby. The name struck
 captain Manly, as he had often heard
 me mention it, and prevailing on the
 surgeon to stay till his return, although
 it was near two o'clock, he came im-
 mediately to my house.—The family
 were all in bed ;—but on hearing a vio-
 lent knocking at the door, as I lay for-
 wards,

wards, I opened the window, demanding who was there;—captain Manly, rejoicing to find me at home, desired me instantly to let him in, and, before I could ask a single question, gave me the particulars I have now related, putting your letter from Amsterdam to poor Mordaunt, into my hand. I called up the servants, and ordered my house-keeper to get a bed ready, intending to remove poor Charles immediately, if possible. I then hurried on my cloaths, and taking my two servants with me, returned with captain Manly, who urged me to make haste, as he feared my friend would be dead, before we arrived.—We found him in the same state of insensibility; a wound in his breast, which appeared to be the most dangerous, had bled afresh, and the surgeon desiring us to procure more assistance, I instantly dispatched my servant for Mr. C. During this time, Mr. Mordaunt's servant recovered

recovered his senses, and on the surgeon's declaring that he did not think the wound mortal, the wretch solemnly promised to make an ample discovery of the villainous affair he had been bribed to engage in :—fearing to lose his information, by acting too precipitately, I told him to compose himself ; and engaged, if his master recovered, that he should not be prosecuted, on condition that he made a full and unreserved discovery of every part, and person, concerned in this horrid business.—And the surgeon saying he might be removed with safety, we got a chair, it being now day-light, and he was carried to my house, where you may rely on my keeping him in safe custody. When Mr. C. arrived, I went up stairs with him, who, on examining the wounds, declared that he had little hopes of life ; during the probing and dressing the unfortunate Charles opened his eyes, being

ing probably roused by the violence of the pain, but almost instantly relapsed into another fainting fit.—Mr. C. says, it is impossible to remove him at present; that the great loss of blood has so far exhausted him, that he fears nature will sink under it; besides the wound in his breast, which has some very unfavourable symptoms, he has one in his arm, and another in his side, and must have defended himself with uncommon bravery, as two of the villains were armed with swords, and he had only a slight cane. At five o'clock, I waited on doctor W. who came back instantly with me, and ordered some applications, which were successful in restoring the poor fellow to his senses;—he looked at first very wildly round him; but soon became more composed, though he seemed to have no recollection of what had passed, or the place he was in; the doctor ordered him some medicines,

and

and directed that he should be kept as quiet as possible--the room he is in, luckily, is backwards, and looks into a court inhabited by poor persons—whom I have promised to reward liberally, on their making no noise ; the good woman of the house has procured us a nurse—and seems much interested in the recovery of our friend—indeed, the peculiar circumstances of rascality and barbarity, which mark this bloody attempt, must fill the minds of all, with detestation of the infamous abettor of it.—And thus, my dear friend, have I given you a faithful account of this unhappy affair. I fear there is little reason to hope, but who can tell what favourable symptoms may appear?—At all events, nothing that skill and care can do, will be omitted ; and we must leave the issue to Providence. Should the worst happen, I will write you by express ; and till then, you may depend on a letter from me

every post.—I think it would be very inadvisable to acquaint Miss Digby with the horrid affair ;—I fear it would be too much for her gentle spirits to support ;—but as some reason must be given her, for Mr. Mordaunt's not coming, she may be told, that he was taken ill the day before he intended to set out, and is not yet quite recovered ;—but this I must leave, my dear friend, to your better judgment, by which you will act, as circumstances require. In what manner to disclose this misfortune to Mrs. and Miss Mordaunt, distresses me beyond measure ;—they are yet at Brighthelmstone ; but they must know the truth.—Lord L. is in the country, and I think the best way will be to send a servant express with an account of what has happened, and to solicit his advice how to break the matter to the unhappy mother and daughter.—Adieu, my dear friend.

friend.—I am quite exhausted with trouble and fatigue ; when your mind is a little composed, let me hear from you ; you may rely on a letter from me every mail, till matters take a turn ; that it may be a favourable one, is the sincere wish of

Your affectionate friend,

S. NUGENT.

COLONEL NUGENT TO JOHN DIGBY,
ESQ.

Harley-Street.

DEAR SIR,

BEFORE I enter into a detail of the infamous conspiracy against the life of Mr. Mordaunt, let me have the pleasure of assuring you, that his case is less hopeless, in the opinion of the doctor and surgeons, than when I wrote last; he has perfectly recovered his senses, though hardly able to speak, from the extreme weakness occasioned by the loss of so much blood;—one good effect is however produced by it; he has at present, no symptoms of fever, which is considered as a very favourable circumstance; but the wound in his breast is yet in such a state, as to check any very sanguine hopes of his recovery, which, if it ever happens, will take a long time

time to accomplish. I am favoured with an answer from lord L. which I inclose you.—The measures recommended by his lordship have been taken, and I expect Mrs. and Miss Mordaunt in town on Friday. The wicked tool, employed by the base Sir William T. has made a full confession of the whole shocking affair, which he has signed in the presence of a magistrate. We have taken counsel's opinion, in what way to proceed, and their advice is, to make no stir immediately, as the principal has left his house in St. James's-square, though his life was hazarded by the removal. What aggravates the atrociousness of his crime, is, that he has been confined to his chamber two months, with a compound fracture of his leg; and at the time he planned this horrid deed, was every hour in dread of having the limb amputated. I will now give you an extract of the servant's

confession, which I will endeavour to make as short as possible, though after all, it will be very long. This wretch lived with Sir William at the time you went abroad, and had been long his master's confidant in all his libertine affairs of gallantry. When lord S. returned to England, Sir William was confined to his house, by the accident I just now mentioned; and on visiting him by chance, mentioned that you had publicly declared your intention of giving your daughter to Mr. Mordaunt, and that you intended to invite him to visit you at Hanover. Violent passion, (for it does not deserve the name of love) for Miss Digby, and an equal degree of hatred towards Mr. Mordaunt, determined this base wretch to cut him off by assassination; and by a large sum of money, and promises of future service, prevailed on this man to undertake the shocking business. In favour of
 the

the design, it happened that he was acquainted with Mr. Mordaunt's servant, to whom he had given warning, on account of his repeated irregularities. Sir William directed this man to offer his services; and to engage Mr. Mordaunt in his favor, he was to assign the profligacy and dissipation of his present master, as the reason for leaving him. The scheme succeeded to their wish, and by a hypocritical affectation of sobriety and diligence, he soon became a great favorite with his new master. On the receipt of your letter from Amsterdam, he directed this villain to prepare for their journey to Hanover, and intrusted him with a letter he wrote you, fixing, as near as possible, the time he hoped to be with you. In it was inclosed a tender letter to Miss Digby, both which this wretch carried to Sir William, who perused and then destroyed them; and on Mr. Mordaunt's resolving to pay a visit to

lord L. who was then in the country, to take his leave, it was determined to hire two desperate wretches to murder him on his return, that the affair might be considered as a highway robbery, and that Mr. Mordaunt's resistance had cost him his life ;—but this scheme was frustrated by the kindness of lord L. who, as the road was at that time greatly infested with robbers, insisted on sending him back in his own chaise, attended by two servants on horseback, well mounted and armed ; but a favourable opportunity too soon offered. On the evening before he intended to set out, he went to take leave of a friend in Parliament-street, and ordered his man to come to him at eleven o'clock, saying, that if the evening was fine, he would walk home. The wretch immediately acquainted his principal with this circumstance, and the hired ruffians had ten guineas a piece given them, to spur them

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them on ; they were each furnished with a small sword, (as the most silent way of doing the business) which they were directed to conceal under their coats, and to loiter about the dead wall of Privy Garden. The signal agreed on, was a cough from this vile servant, when they were immediately to fall on Mr. Mordaunt, and make sure work. The bravery of his resistance, and the providential assistance of captain Manly, prevented the villains from killing him on the spot; and the wound which this wretch received, has been the means of bringing this horrid affair to light. As he is now sufficiently recovered to be removed from my house, the magistrate, who took his examination, has committed him to Tothill-fields Bridewell, and he will be admitted as an evidence. We have been very cautious in our enquiries at Sir William's house ; his place of concealment must be soon discovered,

and the wretched condition he is in, renders it impossible for him to get out of the kingdom. Lord L. will be certainly the fittest person, in your absence, to take the lead in this affair, and there is no doubt of his acting with proper spirit on the occasion. I long impatiently to hear from you, being very much alarmed for Miss Digby. By the next post, you shall hear again from

Dear Sir,

Your very sincere friend,

SAMUEL NUGENT.

LORD

LORD L. TO COLONEL NUGENT.

(INCLOSED IN THE FOREGOING.)

Newball.

DEAR SIR,

I AM exceedingly shocked at the receipt of your letter, to which I return an immediate answer : my coming to town directly, would be of no use in the present unhappy situation of my dear Charles. If you will be so good as to write a few lines to poor Mrs. Mordaunt, requesting her to come to town to see her son, who is suddenly taken ill, I will give her the meeting, and break the dreadful affair to her with as much caution as possible ; and I am not without hope, that some favourable symptoms may appear in the mean time, to lessen the anxiety we all at present labour under.—Poor Mr.

D 6

Digby !

Digby ! What will he suffer on reading
your letter ! I cannot summon up reso-
lution enough to write him at this time.
I will send to you the moment I arrive
in town, and am,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful humble servant,

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JOHN WILLIAMS TO JAMES RAPLEY,
Esq.

Deptford, Sept.

HONORED SIR,

I WRITE by order of my distracted master, to beg that your honor will come to him directly. On hearing that Richard Sims had made a confession before the justice, and was sent to prison, he ordered to be taken out of bed, and carried any where to escape the officers of justice, who, he said, would search for him in his own house; and that he would rather die in the street, than suffer such public disgrace. We got him with great difficulty into a hackney coach, for he would not use his own, for fear of a discovery, and he is now here at my sister's, and very bad indeed, as he fainted away before we got off the stones;—he seems very sorry for
what

what was done to Mr. Mordaunt, and wants sadly to send your honor with a message to lord L. and colonel Nugent.—Pray Sir, come directly, as Sir William is sometimes quite furious, and his leg is so bad, that I am sure it must be cut off—he wont let me stir from the bed side. I send this by Thomas.—Pray, Sir, come directly.

I am your honor's humble servant,
JOHN WILLIAMS.

MR.

MR. M. TO COLONEL NUGENT.

Hanover, Sept.

DEAR SIR,

I WAS just returned from Zell, where Mr. and Miss Digby had accompanied me and my daughter, when I was honoured with your letter, with that inclosed for Mr. Digby—who had resolved, if he found no letters on his return, to send an express to England for an explanation of the cause which had detained Mr. Mordaunt so long beyond the time he was expected here.—The moment Miss Digby alighted, she eagerly enquired for letters, and on being told there were none, grew very uneasy, and urged her father to send a messenger to you early in the morning, to which he consented, and desired me to provide a proper person ;—this made it necessary for me to give him your letter

ter

ter immediately ;—however, I determined to wait till after supper, when we should be alone, as I knew Miss Digby and my daughter would retire early—when they left us, I told him, that I had a letter from you, giving an account of an accident, which had befallen Mr. Mordaunt. He asked with quickness, if he was dead ;—on my replying that he was not, when you wrote, he desired to have the letter, saying, that he hoped the fortitude he had so often been obliged to summon, would not now desert him.—I put it into his hand, and he read it through, with various emotions—after remaining some time silent, and seemingly in deep thought, he asked me, with more composure than I could have expected, for my advice in breaking this dreadful news to his daughter ;—he said, he saw plainly that you had no hopes of Mr. Mordaunt's recovery, and that his dear Louisa must
be

be prepared by degrees, to submit to the unhappy destiny allotted her;—but he feared she would never more recover her peace of mind, having indulged a virtuous and tender affection for this unhappy youth, almost from her infancy. On my advising that she should be kept ignorant of the whole affair, till he heard from you again, and be led to suppose that an express was actually sent to England; he replied, that the next letter would probably bring an account of his death, which could not be concealed from her; and that therefore it would be better to say, that he was prevented from leaving town by illness;—though he dreaded the consequence, even of that information. We at last concluded that nothing should be determined on till the next day, and he retired to his chamber, though I fear not to rest. On enquiry this morning, I found that he rose early, and was gone
out

out on horseback, without any servant, and had desired the family would not wait breakfast for him.—I conclude, that he wished to digest the manner in which he should disclose the contents of your letter to his daughter—not being yet returned, and the post going out, I will no longer intrude on you, than to assure you, that I am,

Dear Sir,

Your very humble servant

M. M.

Mr.

MR. DIGBY TO COLONEL NUGENT.

Hanover, September.

MY DEAR COLONEL,

THE letter Mr. M. put into my hands yesterday, has given a death stroke to all my hopes of happiness for my beloved Louisa, whose gentle nature will sink under the weight of her disappointment.—Good heaven ! Is this the reward of filial piety ? And dost thou suffer so vile an instrument, as the hand of an execrable assassin, to destroy the fairest hopes and fondest expectations of an innocent and virtuous attachment ? But who shall dare to scrutinize the ways of Providence ? Who shall presume to penetrate the deep councils of the all-wise and merciful arbiter of man's fate, or dare to murmur at the decrees of omnipotence !—I rode out this morning alone, to compose,

pose, if possible, my distracted mind, and devise the best means of disclosing this shocking piece of treachery, to my sweet Louisa.—But alas ! my friend, I find myself unequal to the bitter task of destroying the happiness of an affectionate daughter, and must consign the sad office to another ;—this unmanly weakness, if it deserves so harsh a name, has determined me to stifle my emotions, and keep the dreadful secret from my poor child, 'till I hear again from you. If Charles dies, and Louisa should survive his loss, adieu to England for ever. I am persuaded that her heart will never entertain another guest, and it shall be the sole employment of my future days, to comfort this young and lovely mourner ; and in a life of retirement and seclusion, to prepare ourselves for that place where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest !—As to the atrocious con-
triver

triver of this villainy, I mean not to put my life, or that of any other honest man in danger, in punishing such a crime—No ; the public sentence of the law must be pronounced upon so daring an offender, and the ignominy of public shame and dishonor be inflicted, to deter others from such base and cowardly revenge.—Yes ! I swear, by the sweet hope of future happiness, that were he *my son*, I would not screen him from public justice ;—but I am exhausted. The dear deluded Louisa, thinks the messenger sat off this morning, with letters for you ; she says she shall count the hours 'till his return, unless good or bad news from some of our friends, anticipate the accounts he will bring. Little does she suspect, that bad news is already come, and that worse is daily expected, which she must too soon receive. If misfortune is thus to attend on innocence, for what do we live ?

And

And where is the boasted reward of virtue? I impatiently expect the arrival of the next mail, and send this to relieve your mind from the anxiety which a worthy heart must feel for the distress of a sincere friend, as is

Your

JOHN DIGBY.

MISS

MISS DIGBY TO LADY MANNING.

Hanover, September.

DEAREST MADAM,

I HOPE your ladyship will excuse my long silence, which arose partly from our short stay in the places we past through in our journey to this city, and since we came here, from my desire to inform you of the arrival of Mr. Mor-daunt, to whom my father wrote from Amsterdam, inviting him to join us here for a short time ;—but I am disappointed of this pleasure, and fear that illness, or some extraordinary accident, has prevented him from accepting an invitation, which he solicited with so much earnestness. However, we shall soon be at a certainty, as to the cause of his delay, my father having indulged me, in sending an express to England for that purpose. I have amused myself

self in giving imperfect descriptions of the places we have seen, to Harriot Mordaunt; but could not presume to trouble your ladyship with such trifling remarks, though I will just observe, that I prefer Zell to all the towns we have passed through, since we left the Hague; and if my father holds his mind of remaining abroad 'till I become of age, I shall endeavour to persuade him to reside there. We accompanied Mr. and Miss M. who went there on business, for a few days; and I could not help admiring a small house and garden delightfully situated, and untenanted, where we could carry our plan of œconomy into execution, and live in a very genteel stile, for half the sum my father has allotted for our annual expences. Our whole time was taken up at the Hague, in receiving and paying visits;—here we have lived very retired; and at Zell we shall be almost secluded from the world;

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world, if I can prevail on my father to reside there, and allow me to arrange our little family.—I hope soon to be honored with a line from you.—My father sends his most respectful compliments; and I beg your ladyship to be assured, that I am, most sincerely,

Your grateful

And affectionate god-daughter,

LOUISA DIGBY.

COLONEL NUGENT TO JOHN DIGBY,
Esq.

Harley-Street.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WRITE to you in high spirits, from being able to inform you, that doctor W. and Mr. C. both begin to entertain hopes of Mr. Mordaunt's recovery; —the alarming symptoms, which for several days, seemed to increase, rather than abate, have at length yielded to their prescriptions, and the wound in the breast looks to the eye to be almost free of the violent inflammation, from which so much danger was apprehended;—he is yet exceedingly weak and low, tho' perfectly in his senses. Lord L. visits him every day. Mrs. Mordaunt and her daughter came to town two days ago. His lordship waited to receive her at her own house, and with great
pru-

prudence and regard, broke the affair to her;—all his precaution however, could not save her violent agonies; she instantly fainted, and is yet confined to her bed, though much better, from the good accounts we give her of her son.—Poor Miss Mordaunt weeps incessantly. We have prevailed on her not to see her brother, at present, as we hope he will be able to bear being removed to my house in a day or two, where I mean to offer Mrs. and Miss Mordaunt an apartment.—Lord L. has slightly hinted to Charles, the danger he has escaped; but avoided entering into the horrid particulars; and I have introduced his deliverer, my friend Manly, to him—you may conceive the emotion with which he received him. I have endeavoured to ease his fears respecting Miss Digby, by assuring him, that she is yet ignorant of what has happened; and that he may safely trust

to your prudence and affection, in disclosing it to her.—In my next I hope to confirm, and add to the good news I now send you.—Lord L. desires his best respects, and I remain,

Your's most sincerely,

SAMUEL NUGENT.

FROM

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Harley-Street.

DEAR SIR,

WE happily effected the removal of Charles to my house this morning; on being taken out of bed, he fainted, but soon recovered, and bore the motion of the chair better than was expected. Doctor W. and Mr. C. walked by the side; Lord L. captain Manly, and myself, kept at some distance, that the attention of the croud might be drawn as little as possible;—his bed was prepared, and his nurse and my house-keeper ready to receive him; and he is at this moment laid in it, very composed, without any fever, and tolerably free from pain;—and if he continues in this favourable way, in a very few days he will be out of danger; though doctor W. says it will be a long

E. 3. time,

time, before he will perfectly recover the effects of the wound in his breast, and may probably be obliged to spend the winter in the South of France. Mrs. and Miss Mordaunt are to be admitted to-morrow; they have declined my invitation, the doctor thinking they would see his patient too often, were they to be in the same house with him. —I will not send this away 'till the interview is over.

IN CONTINUATION.

MRS. Mordaunt and her daughter came about eleven o'clock this morning. Lord L. was so kind as to attend them in his coach :—as they were both greatly agitated, I led them into the drawing-room; and to take off their attention a little from this interview, I presented the gallant captain Manly to them. Mrs. Mordaunt received him with the affection of a mother;—her gratitude to the preserver of her son's life,

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life, was unbounded ; and her agitation was extreme, from the excess of her feelings. I then led him to Miss Mordaunt, who received him with a mingled tenderness and dignity, that attracted every body's notice, and smiling on him through her tears, never looked more lovely ;—he kissed the hand which she extended to him, in a very gallant manner. I now thought it necessary to observe to the ladies, that though Mr. Mordaunt was surprizingly recovered, yet they would find a great alteration in his looks, as he was very weak and pale, from the loss of so much blood. On being told that doctor W. and Mr. C. were below, I desired them to walk up stairs, and presented them to the ladies. The doctor answered their eager enquiries with caution, but yet left them reason to hope the recovery of his patient, whom he retired to visit, and prepare for the interview ;—he soon re-

turned, saying, that Mr. Mordaunt was very composed, and in a fine way ;—he intreated the ladies to make their first visit a very short one, and to stifle their emotions, as much as possible ; which they promised ; and the doctor leading the way, lord L. took Mrs. Mordaunt's hand, and I was preparing to offer mine to her daughter, when I found she had given it to Manly, who seemed too happy in its possession, to wish to relinquish it. I will not attempt, my dear friend, to describe their meeting ; it was interesting and affecting beyond measure ; there was not a dry eye in the room. Poor Miss Mordaunt fainted on approaching the bed, and blushed exceedingly on her recovery, to find herself in the arms of captain Manly, whose behaviour convinced us all, that the soldier's heart was taken by surprise at first sight. Doctor W. desired the ladies to withdraw, promising that they should

should renew their visit at the same hour to-morrow, if nothing in the mean time happened to prevent it. Miss Mordaunt is anxious to write to her beloved friend; it will be therefore necessary for you to break the affair immediately to Miss Digby, that she may be prepared to receive Miss Mordaunt's letter.—
Adieu, my dear Digby—You shall soon hear again from

Your sincere friend,

SAMUEL NUGENT.

LORD L. TO JOHN DIGBY, ESQ.

Grosvenor-square.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED the inclosed letter yesterday from Mr. Rapley, and returned for answer, that I could say nothing to the contents, or make any promise in your name ; but that I would inclose the letter to you, and acquaint him with the result of the application, as soon as I heard from you. I am persuaded that Mrs. Mordaunt will not move a step without consulting you, and will be governed entirely by your advice, in bringing the principal conspirator against her son's life, to public punishment.—Had the attempt proved fatal to Mr. Mordaunt, public justice would have required his friends to pursue the most rigorous measures ; but as he is daily recovering, the wretched situation
which

which Sir William is described to be in, makes it appear almost unmanly to refuse his request, especially as he begins already to feel a severer punishment from an inward consciousness of his guilt, than any the law can inflict on him. Colonel Nugent gives entirely into my sentiments; but thinks no promise should be made by Mrs. Mordaunt, until your mind was fully known on the subject; —and now, my dear Sir, give me leave most sincerely, to congratulate you on the happy manner in which this affair is likely to terminate, and to offer you my advice, which I shall do freely, with respect to future measures. Doctor W. is apprehensive, that a great weakness, and perhaps a spitting of blood, may affect Charles for some time, in which case, he advises his removal to the South of France, as soon as he can undertake the journey with safety, and not to think of returning to England 'till

next summer; as we may naturally suppose that he will be impatient to see Miss Digby, and indeed an attempt to deprive him of that pleasure, would be unreasonable and unkind, I cannot see the smallest objection to your immediate return;—the happiness he will receive from having you and his Louisa with him, will greatly contribute to the restoration of his health; and if the doctor should remain convinced of the necessity of changing the climate, let them be married here, and then winter in France, where probably you would have no objection to accompany them. If you approve this plan, I shall expect to see you soon in London, and will then communicate to you, my views respecting them; as I hope the example I mean to set the earl of E. on this happy union, will induce him, not only to approve, but follow it.—Colonel Nugent has acted like a friend indeed; and
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in the fatherly affection he has shewn to Charles, proved the warmth of his regard for you.—In expectation of hearing very soon from you, I remain,

Dear Sir,

Your sincere, and

Faithful humble servant,

L,

JAMES

JAMES RAPLEY, ESQ. TO THE RIGHT
HON. LORD L.

Deptford, September.

MY LORD,

I HAVE the honor of addressing myself to your lordship, at the earnest request of Sir William Turner, who now lies dangerously ill, at a house in this place;—he had removed from St. James's-square, to avoid the disgrace of being taken up by the officers of justice, who, he was informed, were in quest of him, by order of colonel Nugent. Far be it from me, my lord, to attempt to excuse Sir William's behaviour. I received a strange passionate letter from him, wherein he threatened mischief to Mr. Mordaunt;—his resentment was raised by the relation of lord S. who had informed him, that Mr. Digby intended to give his consent immediately
to

to the marriage of his daughter with Mr. Mordaunt, and had invited him to join them at Hanover for that purpose. Fearing that fatal consequences would ensue, and not being able to come to town directly, I wrote him in the most earnest manner, not to suffer his passions to betray him into any base or dishonorable project of revenge ; and truly sorry am I to find, that he disregarded my advice. It has been necessary to call in the assistance of his surgeons, where he now is ; his leg, which has been set two or three times, is again dislocated, and they assure me, that instant amputation alone, can give him a chance for his life. For this purpose, he will be removed to-morrow to his own house ; and as the event of the operation is very dubious, he requests that you will prevail on Mrs. Mordaunt, to take no hostile measures for a few days ;—and as I am informed that Mr. Mordaunt is in
a fair

a fair way of recovery, I flatter myself, he will receive a favourable answer, which your lordship will please to address to me, at Sir William's house in St. James's-square. I am,

Your lordship's obedient servant,

JAMES RAPLEY.

LORD

LORD L. TO JAMES RAPLEY, ESQ.

Grosvenor-square.

SIR,

IN answer to your letter just received, I must acquaint you, that I cannot advise Mrs. Mordaunt to enter into any compromise, or make any promise whatever, without consulting Mr. Digby;—but I believe I may assure you, that no hostile measures will be adopted, 'till his sentiments are known, when I will acquaint you with the result.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

L.

MISS

MISS MORDAUNT TO MISS DIGBY.

Dover-Street.

OH, my dear Louisa, what has not your Harriot suffered, since the receipt of your last letter ! Whilst you have been kept in happy ignorance of the cause of our grief, and now know it only in time to rejoice with us, that the danger is over !—Yes, my dear sister, the best son, the kindest brother, the sincerest friend, and the most passionate lover, is restored to life and to Louisa. I attempt not to describe our distress, on being informed by colonel Nugent, that my dear brother was suddenly taken ill. We sat out for town immediately, and found lord L. waiting at our house to receive us. My poor mother desired that she might not be kept in suspense, for that she was prepared to hear the fatal news, which she

knew

knew he came to tell her ;—but though
 lord L. acquainted her with the dread-
 ful accident in the most cautious man-
 ner, she fell into fits, and did not reco-
 ver for several hours ;—for myself, I felt
 an insupportable pain at my heart, and
 had not a violent shower of tears relieved
 me, believe I should have died. When
 I grew a little calm, lord L. gave me
 all the particulars of the dreadful story,
 and bid me comfort my mother, with
 assurances that there were hopes of my
 dear brother's recovery. When my
 mother came to her senses, she insisted
 on seeing her son, but was at last, with
 much difficulty, dissuaded by colonel
 Nugent, who told her, that the doctor
 had assured him, that Charles's life de-
 pended on his being kept perfectly com-
 posed ; and that if the same favourable
 symptoms continued, he might be re-
 moved to the colonel's house with safe-
 ty, in a few days ;—and yesterday, my
 dear

dear Louisa, lord L. was so good as to call on, and attend us in his coach, to Harley-street; when we arrived, my mother seemed ready to faint, and I trembled so exceedingly, that I thought I should have fallen down in the hall. My lord, and the colonel, supported us into the drawing-room, where they intreated we would endeavour to compose ourselves; and the doctor not being come, though expected every moment, colonel Nugent introduced Charles's deliverer to us; my mother extended her arms to embrace him—her lips moved to express her gratitude, but speech was denied her! Her voice was drowned in a flood of tears, and she sunk into her chair, almost lifeless;—the colonel then introduced him to me—I stood up, holding by one arm of the chair; I held out my hand to him, and would have spoken, had it been in my power. The doctor and surgeon

now

now came in, and we were permitted to go to my brother. Lord L. took my mother's hand, and I gave mine to captain Manly, without knowing what I did. My dear brother endeavoured to raise himself in the bed to receive my mother's embraces, who clasped him in her arms ;—when I drew near, I was so struck with the alteration in his looks, for his fine colour was changed into a deadly paleness, that I was seized with a violent sickness, and instantly fainted. How long I remained insensible, I know not ; but judge Louisa of my confusion, to find myself, when I recovered, in the arms of captain Manly. The doctor now insisted on our leaving the room, which we did, having obtained his permission to repeat our visit every day.—And now, my dearest friend, let me again congratulate the sister of my heart, on the happy prospect of our dear Charles's speedy recovery, and your return to England ;
—with

—with what pleasure will you make your acknowledgements to his brave deliverer, captain Manly, to whom we are all so much indebted; he is my brother's constant attendant, and has accepted the colonel's invitation to remain in his house, till Charles is able to be removed;—you never, my dear, saw a more amiable or engaging man; he is extremely handsome, not quite so tall as my brother, but perfectly genteel;—he sometimes calls to attend us to Harley-street, and always returns with us. My mother's gratitude is unbounded; and she frequently declares, that the deliverer of her son, is as dear to her as he whose life he saved. Colonel Nugent has known him from his youth, and says he is a young man of distinguished worth, greatly respected as an officer, and untainted with the vices which most young men of fashion are too apt to run into. Lord L. says, he hopes to pre-

vail on Mr. Digby to return directly to England, in which I sincerely join.—Poor Charles insisted on writing to you, and was with great difficulty prevailed on to postpone it for a day or two;—but he desires me to assure you, that your presence will do more in hastening his recovery, than all the doctor's prescriptions, and the attention of his friends.—Come then, my dear Louisa, to England, and bless Charles with the sweet smiles and engaging conversation of her who is destined to make him the happiest of men.—Adieu, my dear friend—that in your next letter you may fix the day for leaving Hanover, and blessing your friends with your sight, is the sincere wish of

Your truly affectionate,

HARRIOT MORDAUNT.

Mr.

MR. DIGBY TO LORD L.

Hanover.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM highly honored in the friendly concern your lordship is pleased to take, respecting the happiness of Mr. Mordaunt and my daughter; and should be unworthy the friendship you profess, were I not to pay the greatest attention to the advice you so kindly and unreservedly offer me. It was a painful task to acquaint Louisa with Charles's danger; and I rejoice that I kept it from her, till I was able to comfort her with hopes of his recovery. She is, I thank God, as much, or I may say, more composed, than I could have expected; though the first shock, and the grief which naturally followed, are yet deeply marked in her countenance. I have communicated to her, by degrees, all the

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particulars of this horrid piece of treachery, and she is now in possession of your lordship's, and colonel Nugent's letters, with one which came last night from Miss Mordaunt. I asked her how she would wish me to answer that part, which relates to the wretch, whose base attempt, had it succeeded, would have made her future life miserable;—she replied, that she shuddered at the thought of knowing that human nature could become so depraved; and wished to forget for ever, that she had seen, or conversed with one, so lost to every sense of honor and humanity;—but as he made his passion for her, the pretended plea for the base act he had been concerned in, she wished that he might be left to the punishment of his own conscience only, in hopes that the severity of his illness, and a conviction of his baseness, might lead him, by repentance, to seek a forgiveness of much

greater consequence to him ;—the forgiveness of his maker ! These, my lord, are the sentiments of the pious Louisa ; and God forbid that I should attempt to frustrate her good wishes. Will your lordship then be pleased to consult with Mr. Mordaunt and Charles, that the unhappy wicked man may be eased of his suspense, and his name and his deeds obliterated from all our minds. I do not think my daughter sufficiently recovered from the alarm her spirits have suffered, to undertake the journey immediately, though she is very desirous of returning to England ; but within a month, I hope to have the honor of paying my personal thanks to your lordship, in Grosvenor-square.

I am your lordship's obliged,

And obedient servant,

JOHN DIGBY.

MISS

MISS DIGBY TO MISS MORDAUNT.

Hanover.

I MOST sincerely rejoice with you, my dear Harriot, on the safety of a life so deservedly dear to his friends, and so absolutely necessary to the peace and happiness of your Louisa!—It is owing to the tenderness and caution of my dear father, that I am now alive, and so well able to join with you, in the general joy; for I am persuaded, had I known my dear Charles's situation, when no hopes were entertained of his recovery, I could not have survived the dreadful relation;—and even now, my spirits are so weak, that the least surprise, alarms and distresses me beyond measure. My father has by degrees put all the letters he received from lord L. and colonel Nugent into my hands.—With regard to Sir William, it is my

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earnest

earnest request, that no prosecution may be commenced against him;—let us, my dear, leave him to his own reflections, which in his present state of mind and body, must be a far severer punishment than any we can inflict on him. I confess to you, my Harriot, that I long to see your brother, and am not ashamed to own, that my mind will not recover its wonted tranquillity, till my fate is united with his, by the most sacred of all ties. I also wish to pour out my thanks to our kind friends, for their care and attention to poor Charles; my particular gratitude is most due, and ought to be first paid to his brave deliverer. I commission you, my friend, to say every thing to captain Manly in my name, which my avowed love for your brother, and a deep sense of the obligations we are all under to *him*, for his providential assistance, your heart shall dictate; and if I guess right, my thanks will

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will not be less acceptable, in being conveyed to him by the sister of his friend. My father thinks I am yet too weak to undertake the journey directly; and even now, insists on my laying down my pen. To obey this tenderest, best of parents, has been the first wish of my heart, from the time I knew how to form one; and the repeated instances of his love, have secured it from the possibility of acting undutifully. Tell your good parent, that the hour which authorizes me to call her by the endearing name of mother, will complete the happiness of

Your

LOUISA DIGBY.

LORD L. TO JAMES RAPLEY, ESQ.

Grosvenor-square.

SIR,

YOU may acquaint Sir William Turner, that he has nothing to fear from the resentment of Mr. Mordaunt, or any of his connections, who wish that his life may be spared to him, for the good purposes of repentance and amendment.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,

L.

JAMES

JAMES RAPLEY, ESQ. TO DOCTOR
BLEWETT.

St. James's-square.

REV. SIR,

MY unhappy friend, Sir William Turner, has undergone the painful operation of amputation, to avoid the immediate consequences of a mortification of the broken limb, though nothing but a little time can be gained by it, as three physicians, who attend him, are of opinion, with the surgeons, that it is next to impossible for him to recover, though he may linger for some time. If I may judge from appearances, he is fully sensible of his past errors, and very desirous of making all the atonement in his power, to those whom he has injured. To this end, he he is extremely anxious to see you, having, he says, something to disclose

F 4

which

which gives him more uneasiness, if possible, than even the late attempt upon Mr. Mordaunt, of which I make no doubt you have heard;—he presses me to intreat you, in the most earnest manner, to come to town immediately; an apartment will be prepared for you at his house, where I shall be happy to receive you, and hope to have that pleasure in a few days. In the mean time, I remain,

Rev. Sir,

Your most humble servant,

JAMES RAPLEY.

COLONEL

JOHN DIGBY, ESQ. TO THE REV. MR.
MORDAUNT.

Hanover.

MY DEAR SON,

FOR by that endearing name I hope soon to call you, receive the congratulations of a tender friend, whose heart bled for your misfortune, and rejoices in the hope of your recovery. See you not, my dear Charles, the goodness of Providence in all his ways! Had not this outrage prevented your journey, you would have enjoyed the happiness of Louisa's company, for a short time only; but your danger has so much endeared you to all your friends, in whose estimation your value is so much increased, from their late fears of losing you, that I heartily join in their wishes, of uniting you to the beloved object of your affections;—and Louisa will in a

little time, be sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey to England, and give her hand, where she long ago surrendered her heart.—In your trip to France, if it should be necessary, you will then have a tender friend, a sweet companion, whose love, sanctioned by her duty, will make the hours glide away in an almost imperceptible succession of the completest happiness that human nature is capable of enjoying.—Yes, I pronounce that an union, such as yours will be, must produce the ultimatum of worldly felicity. Where religion, virtue, and a tender affection, are seated in the heart, the reciprocal joy which will be mutually received and returned, must form a happiness lasting as life, and prolonged even beyond the grave, by an anticipation of the joys of futurity. The affectionate daughter, must prove a loving, tender, and obedient wife; for a strong sense of filial duty,

duty, deeply engraven in the mind, is the sure foundation, whereon to build the superstructure of conjugal happiness. My beloved child writes you a few lines;—her heart is yours, and you shall soon receive her hand from

Your sincere friend,

And affectionate father,

JOHN DIGBY.

MISS DIGBY TO THE REV. MR. MOR-
DAUNT.

(ENCLOSED IN THE FOREGOING.)

Hanover.

I HAVE not words, my dear Charles, to express the anxious emotions of my heart for weeks past, from the dread that something fatal had happened to interrupt our happiness ; though I thank God, I was not acquainted with the extent of our misfortune, till the danger was supposed to be over ; but even now, my heart shudders at the thought of what you have suffered. Methinks I see you bravely defending yourself against an armed band of villians, overpowered at last by numbers, sinking upon the earth, and weltering in your blood !—Oh, my Charles, where was the guardian angel of virtue at that moment !

ment!—Was he not sent in the person of your brave deliverer, to save you from death, and me from distraction? But let not all the praise be given to the secondary cause; let us gratefully adore the power omnipotent, who would not suffer villainy to triumph over] virtue; and if our hearts should ever feel cold towards this best of friends, let this instance of his goodness immediately recall us to a proper sense of our obligations to him. Why should I blush to say, that I long to see and to converse with my dear Charles, or seek to hide an affection, founded in virtue, which I hope will soon become my principal duty to indulge. My spirits, which have been low for some time, have not yet recovered their tone, and my dear father will not consent to my undertaking the journey till they are better; but as nothing else detains us, I hope very soon to comply with the wishes of all
my

my friends, in giving my dear Charles a
husband's right to the hand and heart
of his

LOUISA DIGBY.

LADY

LADY MANNING TO MISS DIGBY.

St. James's-square.

MY DEAR CHILD,

AMONG the many friends whose affections you so deservedly possess, there is not one, who more sincerely loves and admires you, than your god-mother ; and I impatiently expect the arrival of my Louisa, to convince her, by more than words, of the warmth of my affection. Lord L. has honored me with his views for Mr. Mordaunt, on your marriage ; his is a noble mind, well suited to his rank and fortune ; he has also written to the earl, your grand-father, to whom I hope you will be perfectly reconciled on your return. Lord B. has acted most imprudently ; he is gone to Italy with lady C. My lord and he were intimate friends, and no suspicion was entertain-
ed

ed of his connection with her, 'till they eloped together. Lord C. is already suing for a divorce, and has brought an action, laying the damages at 10,000l. this affair makes a great noise.—I give you joy, my dear Louisa, on the recovery of Mr. Mordaunt. I have visited him twice, in company with his mother and sister—he is yet extremely weak and low; and assured me, that the agitation of his mind, retarded his cure, and that nothing but your presence, would restore him.—Pray give my love to your father, and assure him, that I hope we shall meet as friends; my love for you making it impossible for me any longer to withhold esteem and respect from one so dear to you. Miss Mordaunt's fear of losing a brother, is amply made up to her, by gaining a very accomplished lover, who being justly entitled to her gratitude, will soon obtain a dearer interest in her heart,

if

if the business be not already done, which I have a shrewd guess is the case. As you have no house in town, I insist on your using mine in St. James's-square; and I shall be very angry with your father, if he does not accept my invitation. Mr. Mordaunt is to be removed in a few days to his mother's house in Dover-street, though Colonel Nugent wishes to keep him with him 'till your arrival.—Adieu, my dear Louisa; I shall not go out of town again for more than one or two days, during the winter. When your journey is fixed, let me hear from you, and rely on the affection and love of

Your sincere friend,

SARAH MANNING.

THE

THE REV. MR. MORDAUNT TO MISS
DIGBY.

Harley-Street.

IT is once more given me, my adorable Louisa, to write to you the overflowings of a fond and grateful heart, for the tender concern you have felt for your poor Charles!—Oh, thou beloved of my soul, what agonies did I not endure, when I recovered my senses, only to suffer the dreadful apprehension of being separated from you for ever! nothing but the fond hope of seeing, and being united to you, could have enabled me to support the excruciating pains I suffered from my wounds. I am now much easier, and my kind friends assure me, that I shall live and be happy. Come then, my beloved Louisa, and complete my recovery; thy presence will indeed restore me to life and happiness, for in thee are they centered! —My

—My soul is too full of love and sensibility, my thoughts too much engaged on thee, to think on revenge ;—it is enough that I live, and that Louisa will bless my future days. I leave the base wretch who sought to frustrate my happiness, to those pangs which his disappointment and my success, will occasion ;—but alas, why is that happiness, which my heart pants after, any longer delayed ; my recovery can never be completed, 'till my mind is eased of every doubt. Your Charles, can never be himself, 'till he folds Louisa to his bosom ; 'till he hears her say, in the soft accents of love, “ Charles, I am thine for ever !” Then will I thank the hand that aimed the dreadful stroke ; then will I remember the days of pain and sickness with pleasure, as the means of putting me sooner in possession of all my soul holds dear ; of that pearl, which is above all price,—the heart of my
 Louisa ;

THE REV. MR. MORDAUNT TO MISS
DIGBY.

Harley-Street.

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 Louisa ;

Louisa ; but I must leave off ; the good doctor insists on my laying down the pen, and I obey.—Hasten, my beloved, to bless me with your presence ; every pain will fly at your approach, and the languour which at present depresses me, be turned into joy and extacy, at your sight.—Lady Manning is most kind, and joins with all our friends in sincere wishes for the happiness of Louisa, and her

CHARLES MORDAUNT.

DOCTOR

DOCTOR BLEWETT TO JOHN DIGBY,
ESQ.

St. James's-square.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED a letter a short time since from a Mr. Rapley, an intimate friend of Sir William Turner, intreating me so earnestly to come to town, and visit this unhappy man, that I thought I should be wanting in my duty, were I to refuse. I therefore returned for answer, that I would comply with Sir William's request, as soon as I could put the affairs of my parish in a proper train; and I accordingly arrived here two days ago. I found this poor man in a dreadful situation; and indeed I do not think he stands the smallest chance of recovery;—he has suffered amputation, by which a mortification was prevented, which would soon have
put

put a period to his existence; but the distraction of his mind, and the weakness of his body, together with a slow fever, a dreadful cough, and an almost total want of sleep, must, I think, very soon wear him away: he was greatly rejoiced to see me, saying, he feared I would not visit such a bad man; but that, with my assistance, he hoped to make all the reparation in his power, for the injuries he had done here, and prepare himself in the best manner he could, for hereafter;—he is extremely anxious to see you before he dies; and has so earnestly requested me to write you on the subject, that I had no power to refuse. The physicians who attend him, are in no apprehension of his immediate death; but they are all of opinion that he cannot recover, and that probably in a month, or perhaps a much less time, he may be no more. I am just returned from visiting Mr. Mordaunt,

daunt, who is in a fine way, and wants only the addition of two friends to make him a well man.—Lord L. and colonel Nugent join with me in requesting that you will set out immediately, as your presence is necessary here, on so many accounts. You have heard, doubtless, of the rash step lord B. has taken;—the earl is enraged beyond measure, and declares he will never forgive him, or see him more. I have great pleasure in hearing that Miss Digby is so well, and I hope she is by this time perfectly able to undertake the journey. What joy will your return give to your friends? Need I assure you, my dear Sir, that none will exceed that, of

Your sincere friend,

And obliged humble servant,

RICHARD BLEWETT.

MISS

MISS DIGBY TO LADY MANNING.

Hanover.

DEAREST MADAM,

YOUR kind letter has greatly contributed to revive my spirits, which have been rather depressed for some time, but I am now so well, as to fear no inconvenience from our journey; for which we are preparing with all possible expedition. My father has just received a letter from Dr. Blewett, who is in London, that determined him to return without delay, on my assuring him that I could bear the fatigue very well; he is exceedingly sensible of your ladyship's kindness, and directs me to acquaint you, that he has great pleasure in accepting your invitation to St. James's-square—and I know my dear god-mother will believe me, when I assure her, that my entrance

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into that house, after so long an absence, will afford me the highest satisfaction. We shall travel post, and make no stay on the road, except for necessary refreshment, so that in a few days I hope to have the honour of kissing your ladyship's hand, and to assure you in person of the love and duty of,

Dearest madam,

Your affectionate god-daughter,

LOUISA DIGBY.

MR. DIGBY TO COLONEL NUGENT.

Hanover.

MY DEAR COLONEL,

DOCTOR Blewett's letter, and Louisa's amended health, have determined me to prepare in earnest for our journey,—so that this is probably the last letter I shall write you from this place. Lady Manning insists on our residing with her, and I have many reasons for accepting her invitation. I am not surpris'd at lord B.'s conduct, nor at his father's resentment; who, though proud and overbearing in his temper, has too high notions of honour to commit or to countenance a base action. If his affections for an unworthy son, who was ever giving him trouble, should be transferred to Louisa, lord B. will have done her a piece of service he never intended; as

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to

to myself, I want nothing from the earl of E. he has treated me unkindly and ungenerously ; and though I forgive, I cannot forget his behaviour. The worthy family here, to whom we are under great obligations, are very sorry to part with us ; and the amiable miss M. has been in tears almost ever since the day was fixed.—We set out on Friday, and I hope we shall reach Helveot time enough for the packet the Wednesday evening following. Be cautious in apprising Charles Mordaunt of our return, as a relapse might be fatal to him, and equally so to Louisa. Pray acquaint the worthy Dr. Blewett with our plan, and assure him of my sincere regard. With kind remembrance to lord L. Mrs. and Miss Mordaunt, our dear Charles, and his brave deliverer, I remain, my dear colonel,

Ever yours,

JOHN DIGBY.

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Miss

MISS DIGBY TO THE REV. MR. MOR-
DAUNT.

Hanover.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

I HOPE this is the last letter you will receive from me for a long time; every thing is prepared for our journey, and the day after to-morrow we set out for dear England, doubly and trebly dear to me, on many accounts.—We are to be at lady Manning's.—I have quite regained my health and spirits, and if nothing is wanted to confirm yours but the sight of your Louisa, the time of your recovery, my dear Charles, is not very distant.—Poor miss M. is very sorry to part with me; I love her with a sisterly regard, and have promised to correspond with her.—Adieu, my dear Charles; I weep for joy that we are so soon to meet, never I hope to be separated, but by the inevitable

vitale stroke!—and when that comes,
I pray God, that you may survive

Your

LOUISA.

MR. DIGBY TO MR. M.

Amsterdam.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE the pleasure to acquaint you that we are just arrived here in good health, and without the smallest accident on the road. My daughter is much less fatigued with the journey than I expected she would be, and is in high spirits. We set out to-morrow morning, for Helveot Sluys, and if the wind continues as it is at present, shall have a quick passage ;—and now, my dear Sir, let me return you my grateful thanks for your kindness and hospitality, and remind you of your promise, of bringing Miss M. over to visit us next summer ; where a person who loves her as well as Louisa Digby can do, will be happy to receive her ;—her heart, I flatter myself, will not be changed, though

though I hope her name will, long before that time. You shall hear from me again within a few days after my arrival in town, where my daughter will also write Miss M. and you will then, perhaps, be apprized of the happy day in which the hands of Charles and Louisa will be united,—a day to which I look forward with anxiety, though not with doubt, from a perfect knowledge of their hearts, and the mutual affection they have so long entertained for each other,—an affection grounded in a virtuous attachment, arising from similar ideas of true happiness.—Farewell, my dear Sir; believe me ever,

Your sincere friend,

And faithful servant,

JOHN DIGBY.

DOCTOR BLEWETT TO MISS BLEWETT.

St. James's-square.

MY DEAR NIECE,

I FIND it will be impossible for me to return to the Parsonage so soon as I intended, colonel Nugent having received a letter from Mr. Digby, which gives his friends reason to hope he will be in town to-morrow, or Saturday, at farthest. The colonel is just setting out for Harwich to receive him, and as it is generally expected that the marriage between Miss Digby and Mr. Mordaunt will take place very soon after their arrival, and I am solicited on all hands, to perform the ceremony, you must caution Mr. Wilkins to pay the closest attention to the duties of the parish, and by no means to absent himself, even for a day, till my return. I must desire you, my dear niece, to defer your preparations for the tythe feast, as I should be
very

very sorry to break through a custom established for so many years, of entertaining my worthy parishioners in person, on that day, and Mr. Wilkins will take the trouble of calling on the principal farmers, and acquaint them with the reason for postponing the meeting. Poor Sir William Turner grows visibly worse every day, and is impatient for the arrival of Mr. Digby ; he has lightened the burthen upon his mind, by a communication of some things, which I shall carry with me to the grave ; others, wherein reparation can be made, will not be concealed. He wishes me to be always at his bed-side, and I think it my duty to afford him all the consolation in my power. Give my kind service to Mr. Wilkins, and tell him, I rely on his care in my absence.—I am, my dear niece,

Your affectionate uncle,
RICHARD BLEWETT.

CAPTAIN MANLY TO GENERAL SOMERS.

Spring-Garden.

DEAR SIR,

I SHOULD make a very ungrateful return for your goodness to me, were I to enter into any serious engagement whatever, without consulting you, and being guided by your advice, who stand in the place of the father I lost, when I was too young to know his value, and whose friendship to his son, has prevented him from feeling that loss. When I wrote you the particulars of the accidental assistance I had given to Mr. Mordaunt *, I had not seen any part of his family; his mother and sister were at Brighthelmstone at the time, and too ill at their return, for a stranger to be introduced to them;—but when Mr. Mordaunt was removed to colonel Nu-

* This letter does not appear.

gent's,

gent's, I was presented to them, and received with the utmost gratitude and affection, as the deliverer of their beloved Charles. I will not attempt to describe the person of Miss Mordaunt; you may think the colouring too high; all I will say concerning it, is, that there is a mingled dignity and sweetness in her countenance, which I never saw, or at least never noticed in any other woman; with regard to her situation and connections, they are of the first respectability in private life.—Lord L. is the professed friend of the family, and the declared patron of Mr. Mordaunt, who is a most amiable and accomplished young man. Miss Mordaunt's fortune is 7000*l.* and the habits of œconomy she has been bred in, and a taste for domestic pleasures, together with an excellent understanding, improved by a very extensive and judicious course of reading, under the direction of her bro-

ther, who is excessively fond of her, combine altogether, to give her a great superiority over the generality of her sex, and make it impossible for a man of feeling to see and converse with her, without loving and esteeming her;—and though she possesses a dignity which awes at first, there is a sweetness in her manner most captivating and irresistible. To the person and perfections of this accomplished woman, your adopted son has surrendered his heart; and the reception I meet from her, and the maternal love which Mrs. Mordaunt avows for me, have led me to indulge a hope, that my addresses will not be rejected, if sanctioned by your approbation. I have opened my heart to colonel Nugent, who approves my choice. Lord L. says, Mrs. Mordaunt cannot reward me for saving her son, but by giving me her daughter;—and thus, my dear Sir, have I made an ample confession.

feſſion. You wiſh to ſee me married,
 and Miſs Mordaunt is the only woman
 with whom I can enter into a ſerious
 engagement. If you approve my choice,
 I will inſtantly ſell out of the guards,
 which corps I have long diſliked, and
 purchaſe a majority in the dragoons; a
 ſervice to which you know I was always
 partial.—Will you, my dear Sir, favor
 Mrs. Mordaunt with a line, ſignifying
 your approbation of my addreſſes to her
 lovely daughter? Her brother is nearly
 recovered, and impatiently expects the
 arrival of Miſs Digby, of whom every
 body ſpeaks in raptures. I remember
 your deſcription of her from the Hague,
 the day you dined in her company at
 Sir J——h Y——s. They have been
 long engaged to each other, and the
 marriage is to take place ſoon after her
 arrival. If I have your conſent, and
 can prevail on Miſs Mordaunt to unite
 her fate with mine, I ſhall be happy to
 reſign

resign my liberty at the same time.—
May I expect to see you soon in town?
Your presence will add to the happiness
of

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate,

GEORGE MANLY.

Mr.

MR. RAPLEY TO ROBERT TURNER,
ESQ.

St. James's-square.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM very sorry to inform you, that I am not able to prevail on Sir William, to grant you the interview you request. On repeatedly pressing him, he replied, that he was at last in the hands of good men; that the few remaining days of his life should be devoted, under their direction, to redress the injured, and that his short time was too precious to bestow any part of it upon a worthless relation, who had drawn him into the most libertine excesses, with the base view of ruining his health, and coming early to the possession of his fortune. Thus you see all hope of regaining his good opinion is at an end; and I shrewdly suspect that he would
readily

readily dispense with my company ;—but as I came to town at his express desire, I shall continue here as long as I can, watch and the motions of doctor Blewett, who is now his only councillor, and whok nows too much of his affairs to think favorably of us. I find that advice has been taken, as to the right of cutting off the entail of the Lincolnshire estate ; and I am happy to inform you that it cannot be done, so that the dirty acres will fall to you at his death, in spite of him ;—he has made his peace with the Mordaunt's. Lord L. colonel Nugent, and captain Manly, have visited him, and I suspect that he has disclosed the affair of Miss R——'s seduction, and the consequences of the duel with her brother, to his confessor, old Blewett. Mr. Digby is expected every day, and Sir William says he wishes only to live to see him, and obtain his and the lovely Louisa's pardon, for his
 scheme

scheme against Mordaunt. I plainly see I shall not maintain my ground here long ; but I can trust to Harry's fidelity, and will not fail to inform you of the particulars of the reformation plan, as it comes to my knowledge ;—there must indeed be something wonderful in approaching death, to produce such an alteration in so short a time ; one little month has produced a metamorphose more strange than any in Ovid, by converting a gay libertine, into a whining penitent.—Farewell ; depend on my attention to your interests, and believe me,

Sincerely yours,

JAMES RAPLEY.

THE

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

COLONEL Nugent was here this morning; the Digby's came to town last night—they are at Lady Manning's; Sir William sinks so fast, that I hardly think he can hold out a week longer; he made his will yesterday, and at the same time signed a deed of conveyance, as I saw by the title. I was desired to witness both, though acquainted with the contents of neither; he afterwards called me to his bed-side, and pressing my hand, said, I have left you, James, a remembrance of our former friendship, in my will, but I hope the example of a dying friend, who bewails his follies, will be the most valuable legacy; he is extremely anxious to see Mr. Digby, and the house-keeper is directed to prepare one of the best apartments, though I cannot find out who

is

is to occupy it.—Adieu for the present ; you shall hear from me again to-morrow.

Yours,

JAMES RAPLEY.

THE

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

St. James's-square,

MY DEAR TURNER,

YOU may judge of my surprize this morning, to see captain Manly alight from a post-chaise, and hand out a lady and a little girl, who prove to be miss R. and her daughter. At sight of doctor Blewett, who waited in the hall to receive her, she burst into a violent flood of tears, and was kept with difficulty from fainting. I could easily see, that my presence recalled to her mind the part I had taken in her ruin; and therefore thought it best to withdraw. In about an hour, I was desired to attend Sir William in his chamber; when I entered, he was raised up in his bed by pillows, weeping over Maria's hand, which he held in his—she was kneeling at the bed-side, drowned in tears. Dr.
Blewett,

Blewett, captain Manly, and the house-keeper, were present;—on my approaching the bed, he addressed me with an air of solemnity which made me tremble, in the following words, which I never shall forget; I sent for *you*, Mr. Rapley, who too successfully assisted me in accomplishing the ruin of this lovely woman, to witness the sorrow and contrition with which I lament the cruel treatment she has received.—Could I recover, I would devote every part of my future life, to repair the wrongs she has sustained; but as I feel that to be impossible, she has kindly consented to accept the only atonement I can make. I cannot restore the life of a beloved brother, lost in the vindication of a sister's honour; but I can restore that sister's honour to the world; I can perform an act of justice; I can stop the censures of the malicious, and obtain the praise of the virtuous, by making
her

her my wife—and my last prayer to the Almighty shall be, that the misfortunes of Maria R. may be forgotten in the happiness of lady Turner ! here he sunk down in the bed through extreme weakness, and Maria was conducted to her apartment, in an almost insensible state. The ceremony is to be performed to-morrow, after which, I shall leave the house, as the looks of the dejected Maria, when she glances her eye on me, are as daggers to my heart ;—I feel in them her reproaches for the loss of her virtue, and her brother's life.—Farewell ; you will probably receive one letter more from me, before I leave this house for ever. I am,

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES RAPLEY.

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CAPTAIN MANLY TO GENERAL SOMERS.

Spring Garden.

MY DEAR SIR,

ACCEPT my warmest thanks for your parental letter* to Mrs. Mordaunt, which I delivered her as soon as I received it ; all your injunctions shall be obeyed ; and I am sure, in miss Mordaunt's conduct, you will see every thing to approve, and nothing to condemn. I have been employed by Sir William Turner, who will be as deservedly respected in his death, as he was universally despised in his life time, in enabling him to do an act of justice to an amiable woman, whom he seduced under the most solemn promises of marriage ; and afterwards deserted. Her brother demanded satisfaction of Sir William, and received a wound, which

* This letter does not appear.

caused

caused his death; he left his sister enough to support her, and she retired to a small village in Surry, where she was delivered of a daughter, and lived entirely secluded from the world; on Mr. R.'s death, Sir William left the university, and went abroad, without enquiring after the unhappy Maria, or making the smallest provision for her.—I found her in her cottage, employed in the instruction of her little daughter. The small garden in front, the neat plainness of the furniture, the elegant simplicity of her dress, excited my utmost compassion for this lovely woman, whom Sir William has neglected for almost four years, during which time she has hardly been a mile distant from her little habitation;—she was so much agitated on my acquainting her with Sir William's danger, and earnest desire to see her, that it was some time before she was sufficiently composed, to prepare

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pare for the journey.—I advised her to take her child with her, which is a sweet prattler—and leaving the house in the care of her faithful maid servant, we set out, and arrived at Sir William's, where apartments were prepared for her.—I will not attempt to describe the meeting; he besought her pardon in the most earnest manner, which she granted in broken accents, as she knelt at the bed side. The worthy Dr. Blewett held the dear child in his arms, and presented her to her father—the sight overcame Sir William, and we prevailed on Miss R. to retire, after she had consented to accept the only reparation he can now make; and to-morrow she will be lady Turner. Colonel Nugent is still at Harwich—the packet is not yet arrived.—Lady Manning is come to town to receive Mr. and Miss Digby, whom we except every hour. I much regret, my dear sir, that you are at so great a

distance from us, and that an event to which I look forwards with so much pleasure, will not be honoured with the presence of my dear friend and generous benefactor. I shall not fail to deliver your letter to Mr. Digby, when I see him, and will also obey your command, in writing you every particular of the interesting scenes in which we are engaged,—I hope your confinement will not be very long, and even flatter myself, that you may witness the happiness of

Your affectionate,
GEORGE MANLEY.

THE

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

St. James's-square.

DEAR SIR,

SIR William grows visibly worse every day. Miss R. wished to defer the ceremony, in hopes of his getting something better; but a special licence having been obtained, he desisted it might not be delayed. The lovely Miss R. was attended only by the housekeeper; she wept bitterly during the whole ceremony, which was performed by doctor Blewett;—for my part, I was never present at such an awful scene.—Poor Sir William was supported in his bed, by his physician and surgeon. I acted as father to the lady. Mr. Rapley having desired to be excused attending; at which I am not surprized, as he was principally instrumental in Miss R.—'s ruin, and has not I fear

profited by Sir William's reformation. When the ceremony was over, we saluted lady Turner, as the mistress of this elegant house; she returned our compliment only with a deep sigh, from the reflection, no doubt, that she should so soon be the *sole* mistress of it, and of herself. We retired into the drawing-room, and left her alone with Sir William, at her request; and whilst we were standing at the windows, a travelling coach and four drove to lady Manning's;—we knew it to be Mr. Digby's, by colonel Nugent's servant. Doctor Blewett immediately hastened to pay his duty to his friend and patron. I directed a servant to acquaint lady Turner with Mr. Digby's arrival, and to prepare Sir William for the interview he has so much desired; and then hastened to Dover-street to communicate the good news to Mrs. and Miss Mordaunt. Charles was almost wild with

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joy, and begged his sister to go immediately to Louisa;—but Mrs. Mordaunt desired them to have a little patience, as they should certainly receive a message, either from lady Manning, or colonel Nugent. I then took my leave, and returned to St. James's-square, having engaged to dine with lady Turner, on this her melancholy wedding day. —Adieu, my dear Sir; to-morrow I will resume my pen.

MISS DIGBY TO MISS MORDAUNT.

St. James's-square.

MY DEAR HARRIOT,

WE are this moment arrived. As
I cannot leave lady Manning,
come immediately to

Your

LOUISA DIGBY.

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CAPTAIN MANLY TO GENERAL SOMERS.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

St. James's-square.

DOCTOR Blewett is returned with lady Manning's compliments to me, desiring that she may have the pleasure of introducing me to Mr. and Miss Digby this evening, before the former goes to Dover-street; Mr. Digby being determined to embrace Charles Mor-daunt before he goes to rest. I went immediately, and was met by colonel Nugent in the hall, who conducted me into the drawing-room, and presented me to Mr. Digby, who is the most elegant man I ever saw; he received me in the kindest manner, and spoke in warm terms of the obligations he was under to me. Miss Digby, who had retired with lady Manning, now entered the room, attended by her ladyship and

Miss Mordaunt, and never did I behold so lovely a figure. Indeed, my dear Sir, your's was but a faint description of her charms; and I subscribed to the truth of Miss Mordaunt's observation, that the men had no eyes for any other woman, in the company of her Louisa;—she received my compliments with the most enchanting complacency—the benevolence of her heart shone in her countenance; and when she desired I would receive her as my sister, I could scarcely refrain from kneeling at the feet of this angelic creature. Miss Mordaunt was greatly pleased with my emotion, and archly advised Louisa not to be too grateful to the friend of her lover, least more than one of the family should be jealous of her power. I delivered your letter to Mr. Digby. You have the honor, my dear Sir, of being a great favorite of Miss Digby's. As it grew late, and Mr. Digby was impatient to see

Charles,

Charles, we left the ladies together, and went in lady Manning's coach to Dover-street. Mrs. Mordaunt shed some tears at sight of Mr. Digby ;—he was also much affected ; but more so, on being introduced to Charles, who, on his entering the room, attempted to kneel to him. Mr. Digby raised, and embraced him most affectionately ; assured him, that Louisa would rejoice to find him so much restored ; and begged he would prepare himself to receive her visit in the morning. Charles was in high spirits, but he has not yet recovered his colour, and is still weak. It being now past ten o'clock, we took our leave. I just stepped into lady Manning's, to wish the ladies a good night, Louisa having insisted on Miss Mordaunt's remaining with her, and then hastened to Sir William, whom I had not seen since the ceremony in the morning. His lady and Dr. Blewett

were with him ;—he held her hand in his, and shewed visible pleasure at the marks of affection she bestowed on him. A tent bed had been put up in his chamber, by her order, and we had some difficulty in prevailing on her even to give us her company at supper ;—in truth, she will be a sincere mourner for his death, and I am sure would give up the large fortune to which she will be intitled, and return with him to her little cottage—could the sacrifice restore him to health ;—but that nothing can do ; and she will probably be a bride and a widow in the little space of one week. Lady Manning accompanies Miss Digby to Dover-street to-morrow morning, and in the afternoon, Mr. Digby will visit poor Sir William ;—for my part, I sincerely wish these introductions were over ; they affect me beyond measure, and with your leave, I will request colonel Nugent to continue the subject ;—

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not that he is less interested than myself, but he is at a time of life to view such scenes with less emotion.—Adieu, my dear Sir.—Believe me,

Your's most gratefully

And affectionately,

GEOGRE MANLEY.

COLONEL NUGENT TO GENERAL
SOMERS.

Harley-Street.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

I HAVE scarcely seen my own house, since the arrival of Mr. Digby and his lovely daughter. I waited two days for them at Harwich, and began to be very uneasy on their account ;—though they left Helveot with a fair wind, yet it shifted soon after, and they were obliged to put back, which was the cause of their delay.—We are just returned from Dover-street, accompanied by Mr. Mordaunt, who obtained doctor W——'s leave to go out for the first time since his illness, except his removal to my house, and afterwards to his mother's. He was desirous of paying lady Manning the compliment of a first visit ;—she is perfectly

fectly reconciled to Mr. Digby, and become the avowed friend of the family. The marriage is to be performed at her house, and I will answer for her acting nobly on the occasion. It was agreed, that only lady Manning and Mrs. Mordaunt should be present at the first interview between Miss Digby and Charles, which took place in his mother's dressing-room. Lady Manning says, it is impossible to describe their meeting. Charles's eyes spoke the ardour of his love, and Louisa's the tenderness of her's. He threw himself at her feet—thanked her in broken, incoherent accents, for all her goodness to him, and gazed on the beauties of her person, which were heightened by her blushes and confusion, with rapturous admiration. The ladies left them together, and in about half an hour, they entered the drawing-room hand in hand; the whole company stood
up

up at their entrance, as by a natural impulse. Never did I behold so lovely a couple. Charles seemed restored to perfect health, and never looked handsomer. Louisa had a softness in her countenance, which set off the exquisite delicacy of her features, to the greatest advantage. They both knelt to Mr. Digby, who tenderly embraced them with visible emotions; the big tear rolling down his manly cheek. Indeed we were all exceedingly affected—the scene was almost too much for Charles—he turned pale, which Louisa observing, took him kindly by the arm, and led him to a chair next to lady Manning, seating herself at his side. As the weather was remarkably fine, doctor W—— consented that Charles should take an airing, and afterwards dine with lady Manning;—and her ladyship having insisted on all the company dining with her, got into her coach,

coach, attended by the happy couple. I am to be present in the evening at a meeting of a different kind, having promised to attend Mr. Digby to Sir William Turner's. Charles offered to accompany us, but the doctor would not suffer it, for the sake of both. However, he desired us to assure Sir William of his hearty forgiveness; in which Louisa joined, with the sweetness and benignity of an angel. She is very anxious to see lady Turner, from the extraordinary character given her by doctor Blewett, and captain Manly.—Lady Manning intends to cultivate her acquaintance, as will Mrs. and Miss Mordaunt; for she has no connections in town, being an orphan, left to the care of an only brother, who died of the wounds he received in the vindication of her honor; though he survived the duel some months. At his death, she retired with her child, and one faithful
 ser-

servant, who had been her nurse, to a little cottage in Surry, on the banks of the Thames, where captain Manly visited her, at the request of Sir William Turner, and attended to her London. I say nothing of George's affair with Miss Mordaunt, only, that he has so far ingratiated himself into her favor, and Mrs. Mordaunt and her son are such strenuous advocates for him, that I think he will be made a happy man, on the same day that Louisa gives her hand to Charles. Lady Manning has the whole management—Mr. Digby readily acquiescing in all her wishes. She has written to the earl of E. Miss Digby's grand father, who is in the north, and nothing will be concluded on till she receives his answer. Doctor Blewett, who left us soon after dinner, is returned from Sir William's, with an account that he has fainted away twice in the day, and is now so low, as
 to

to make it necessary to defer our visit till the morning. I will therefore close this letter, and resume the subject in my next--being at all times, my dear general,

Your sincere friend,

S. NUGENT.

FROM

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Harley-Street.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

I WENT to Lady Manning's this morning at eight o'clock, and found Doctor Blewett and Captain Manly there, though it was so early. Sir William has had a very indifferent night, but his physicians having no hope that he will be better, it is determined the interview between him and Mr. Digby shall take place this forenoon; the poor man has earnestly requested that Lady Manning, Miss Digby, and Mrs. and Miss Mordaunt will visit Lady Turner at the same time; Miss Digby directly gave her consent, and easily prevailed on Lady Manning.—Miss Mordaunt is here, and a servant is gone with a note to Mrs. Mordaunt to acquaint her with Sir William's request. Doctor Blewett
and

and Captain Manly are to introduce the ladies to each other, and then attend the melancholy scene in Sir William's bed-chamber. Mrs. Mordaunt is just come; Charles would accompany her, in hopes of prevailing on Miss Digby not to go to Sir William's, for fear her spirits should be too much affected. As he was very earnest in his entreaties, she has complied, and that he should stay with her until Lady Manning returned. When this affecting interview, for such it must be, is over, I will give you some account of it. I am very sorry lord L. who was expected in Grosvenor-square last night, is not returned; he was unluckily obliged to go into the country on particular business, two days before Mr. Digby came to England.—Four o'clock:—Sir William Turner has made a noble amends to all the injured parties; he received us with great composure, and held out his hand to Mr. Digby, who stopped

stopped him in the apology he was going to make, by assuring him, that his daughter, and Mr. Mordaunt, sincerely forgave him, and that the latter would have visited him, if doctor W. had not feared it would have been too much for both of them.—After a short conversation, Mr. Jones, the solicitor, was announced, and Sir William desired him to explain the nature of the deed, he had executed a few days before;—it proved to be a re-conveyance of the estate of the Priory, with the plate, furniture, &c. to Mr. Digby for life, with reversion to Mr. Mordaunt and his heirs for ever. Such a noble gift, excited the admiration of all present, and Mr. Digby seemed quite oppressed with his sense of the obligation; after a short time, Sir William asked Mr. Jones if the copy of his will was carefully compared with the original, and on being answered in the affirmative, he ordered the will to be

be sealed up, with the seals of all that were present, and given to Doctor Blewett, and then directed Mr. Jones to read the attested copy. In the preface, he explains his reasons for the distribution of his fortune, which is immense, and for excluding his heir from every part which he is not entitled to by law. As there was no time to make a settlement on Lady Turner, he has left her the interest of 30,000*l.* bank stock for her life—the principal to go to her daughter at her decease;—he has also left 10,000*l.* stock to be transferred to her within one month after his decease; and the same sum to his daughter, on attaining her majority, or marrying before that time, with the consent of her guardians;—he has also given the house, plate, and furniture, in St. James's-square, to his lady—besides this, he has left the following noble legacies, 5000*l.* to Miss Mordaunt; 2000*l.* to Doctor Blewett; 1000*l.*

1000l. to Mr. Raply, in remembrance of their former friendship; and 1000l. to each of his executors, who are lord L. Mr. Digby, and myself; and in case of the death of his daughter, before she attains the age of twenty-one years, or is married with the consent of his executors, who are named her guardians, he leaves the whole of her fortune, to to be divided equally between the children of Mr. Mordaunt, born in wedlock with Miss Digby;—his medical attendants and servants are remembered with generosity—and he has left captain Manly all his fire arms, which are very curious, an elegant dress sword, his gold watch and chain, and a brilliant diamond ring of great value; the astonishment we were all thrown into, which prevented our speaking for some time, gave him an opportunity of explaining his reasons for wishing to make us acquainted with his will before his death,

wherein he disclaimed every idea of vanity or ostentation ;—he said, he well knew the litigious temper of his unworthy relation, who would not be disposed to sit down quietly with the house and estate in Lincolnshire, though of the value of 2000*l.* per annum, whilst so large a fortune was left from him,—and therefore wished that the disposition of his fortune might be publicly known before his death, to prevent the possibility of any cavil being made to it, either from the plea of extreme weakness, over persuasion, or incapacity of judgment.—Who cannot but deeply lament that such good dispositions, should not have shewn themselves earlier ; and that the man who has so largely contributed to encrease the happiness of others, should have so unfortunately frustrated his own ;—but who can say, perhaps it was necessary that Sir William should be awakened to a sense of his duty, by
the

the disappointment of his revenge, and that nothing short of what he has suffered, and the certainty of his approaching dissolution, would have softened his heart to receive those impressions of affection, which have not only saved a most amiable woman from the contempt, or what is worse, the pity of an unfeeling world, but raise her to a rank which will insure her its respect, and to which she was long intitled. On Sir William Turner's expressing a desire to be left with doctor Blewett and Mr. Digby, we took leave of him for the day, and I returned home, from whence I now write you. A servant of lord L.'s has this moment acquainted me that he is just arrived, and wishes to see me, I will therefore send to excuse myself from dining with lady Manning, and wait on his lordship.—Farewell, my dear general; Manly desires his love and duty,—he promises to write you next post,

post, but I think he is too much engaged with the ladies, to keep his word. Mr. Digby's whole attention is at present paid to Sir William, whose noble generosity must naturally deeply affect the sensibility of such a heart as his!—in a very few days, I fear you will hear from my pen, or that of some other friend, that he is no more; but I must conclude, and hasten to lord L. who is, I dare say, very impatient to see Mr. Digby.—Believe me ever, my dear general,

Your sincere friend,

S. NUGENT.

CAPTAIN MANLY TO GENERAL SOMERS.

Spring-Garden.

DEAR SIR,

COLONEL Nugent has informed you of the noble conduct of Sir William Turner, to all his friends, which is spoke of publicly in terms of general approbation; indeed it is Sir William's wish, that his intentions with regard to Mr. Digby and the Mordaunts, should not be kept a secret. When doctor Blewett acquainted lady Turner with the contents of the will, she expressed her perfect satisfaction as to the legacies, and deed of conveyance to Mr. Digby, and gratitude for the ample provision made for her and her daughter—lamenting the loss we should all soon sustain by the death of so generous a friend. Lady Manning is much attached to lady Turner, who has promised

mised to remove to her house, on Sir William's death.—On appearing to be disappointed in not seeing miss Digby with the ladies, lady Manning desired me to step to her house for her—Charles insisted on going with her—lady Turner received her with the greatest affection, and on finding that Mr. Mordaunt was in the house, desired he might be introduced to her; she blushed greatly when he entered the room, and received him with apparent confusion; he also appeared to be somewhat embarrassed; we found afterwards that he had known her at Oxford, and had cautioned her, in an anonymous letter, to beware of Sir William. Lord L. and Mr. Digby have met at last.—The great addition to miss Mordaunt's fortune, has made no alteration in her sentiments with regard to the man of her choice; and foreseeing that Sir William's death will retard her brother's marriage for a

little time, she has kindly consented to give me her hand on the same day, when nothing will be wanting to complete my happiness, but your presence; of which I do not despair. My agent has got an exchange in a regiment of horse in Ireland, but Mrs. Mordaunt objects to it;—I shall therefore wait till something else offers, and reside in Dover-street after our marriage.—A message from colonel Nugent—poor Sir William is drawing near his end—he has had two convulsion fits.—I am desired to attend him.—Adieu, my dear Sir—believe me,

Ever your affectionate,

GEORGE MANLY.

THE

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

WHEN I came to St. James's-square, I found the gentlemen in Sir William's antichamber, with the two physicians, who think that he will not live over the night.—Lady Manning and Mrs. Mordaunt were with lady Turner, who cannot be prevailed on to leave the house, but insists on attending Sir William in his last moments ;—he has had another violent convulsion fit—
 ——The doctor fears that he will suffer great agonies, although he is apparently so very weak.—I could not bear the scene—but went to Charles Mordaunt, and assisted him in comforting Louisa and Harriot, who are both greatly affected—in about two hours I went again to Sir William's—he was then quite composed.—Mr. Digby and doc-

tor Blewett were just going to him, to prepare him for seeing lady Turner, who will not be kept any longer out of his apartment. Lord L. and colonel Nugent are retired to take proper measures respecting the will, and to consult about the funeral, as he has left no directions;—and I attended lady Manning and Mrs. Mordaunt.

TWELVE O'CLOCK.

It is over! poor Sir William is no more; doctor Blewett and Mr. Digby are this moment come, supporting lady Turner, who is almost insensible from excess of grief; he died in dreadful agonies! colonel Nugent will give you the particulars. I am unable to continue the melancholy subject. God bless you! my more than father.

GEORGE MANLY.

COL.

COLONEL NUGENT TO GENERAL SOMERS.

Harley-street.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

THE dreadful scene is at last closed, and Sir William released from the violent pains which attended his departure;—may the greatness of his sufferings, and sincerity of his repentance, atone for the abuse of the fine understanding and princely fortune he possessed!—In his death, he has made all the reparation in his power; and had life been granted him, I am persuaded he would have trod the path of virtue and honour; but he is no more! and we must leave him in the hands of a merciful judge. Poor lady Turner was forced with difficulty from his bed-side when he was expiring; he had been speechless several hours, and for some time before his death, his features were

terribly distorted by violent convulsions; the bed shook under him, and large drops of cold sweat rolled down his palid cheek; a visible alteration for the worse took place in the morning—he had several fits, and was at times insensible; but about four o'clock he was easier and perfectly sensible, and desired to see Mr. Digby and Dr. Blewett;—Lord L. and I retired into the library; doctor Blewett gave me the following account: on entering the room, he desired they would come to the bed-side; the mark of death was in his countenance; but he was composed and collected; he took a hand of each, and pressed it to his lips—he then thanked doctor Blewett for his kind attendance, admonition, and prayers; and said, he hoped he had profited by his instructions; he then turned to Mr. Digby, and earnestly besought him to be a father to his infant daughter, and to comfort his unhappy lady;—and

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concluded with his dying request, that Mr. Mordaunt and Miss Digby might be united within one month after his decease. On being told that Lady Turner was impatient to see him, he desired she might be admitted—he endeavoured to raise himself in the bed, and held out his arms to receive her, entreating her, in broken accents, to forgive his long neglect of her, and to be assured, that could his life have been prolonged, he would have devoted it to her happiness; he then put her hand into Mr. Digby's, desiring her to look on him as her best friend. Dr. Blewett slipped out of the room, and instantly returned with the sweet infant, whom he gave to my lady; she presented her to her father, who pressed her to his bosom, and was going to speak, when he became instantly convulsed, and remained speechless till his death, though he seemed at intervals to possess his intellects;—Dr.

Blewett and Mr. Digby, being unable to prevail on lady Turner to quit the bed, lord L. and I were called in, and with great difficulty, at last got her to retire to her dressing-room, but she positively refused to quit the house whilst he was alive; about nine o'clock his convulsions encreased, and he continued in great agonies till half past eleven o'clock, when he expired. Mr. Digby immediately went to lady Turner; on entering the room, she started from her seat, held out her hand to him, and motioned to go—but neither spoke nor shed a tear; he led her down stairs into the hall, where a chair waited, in which she was carried to lady Manning's, and she remains in a kind of stupor, which is more affecting than the most violent grief. Lord L. and I put our seals on the eserutoire in the bed-chamber, and on the door of the library, and then left the body to the

care of the servants ;—we meet again to-morrow, and shall give notice to the heir at law, and Mr. Rapley, to attend at the opening of the will.—I will give you the conclusion in my next.

Yours sincerely,

S. NUGENT.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

DEAR GENERAL,

NEITHER Mr. Turner nor Mr. Rapley thought proper to be present at the reading of the will, though the latter has a legacy of 100*l*. Two gentlemen of the law attended for them, and expressed much dissatisfaction on the part of the heir at law. Lord L. put an end to their remarks, by observing rather severely, that Mr. Turner had hurried the late Sir William into many excesses, which had greatly injured his constitution, and probably been the cause of preventing the birth of an heir, who would have excluded him from what he now possessed in course of law, and ought to be satisfied with. As Sir William left no directions concerning his funeral, lady Turner wished
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ed that he might not be carried to the family vault in Lincolnshire, as that estate was entirely gone from her and her child ; we have therefore ordered a vault in St. James's Church, where the remains of his lady will likewise be deposited, when she pays the debt to nature ;—and on Saturday morning, at eight o'clock, he is to be buried as privately as possible. The intermediate time will be taken up in proving the will, transferring the stock into our names for the uses of the trust, and paying part of the legacies ;—and when these affairs are settled, we shall witness the happiness of our young friends, whose joint marriages are to take place within a month, in compliance with the dying request of Sir William.—Adieu, my dear general ; I am glad to find you are enough recovered to undertake the journey to town ;—Manly's happiness would have been incomplete, had you
been

been absent. I need not say how very happy your presence will make all your friends, in which number I flatter myself you include

Your's sincerely,

S. NUGENT.

THE EARL OF E. TO LADY MAN-
NING.

DEAR MADAM,

THOUGH the late imprudent conduct of lord B. and the divorce now pending in the house of lords, determine me to remain some time longer in the country, I shall receive great pleasure in the marriage of my granddaughter with Mr. Mordaunt ;—and I desire you to assure them, that I not only approve their union, but they shall find in me a friend, warmly attached to their interest. Lord L. has given me an account of the late Sir William Turner's noble conduct ; and I have written to Mr. Digby *, to congratulate him on the repossession of the Priory estate. I have given orders to Gray,

* These letters do not appear.

to prepare some marks of my regard,
which I beg your ladyship to present in
my name, the day before the marriage;
—the fair friend of Louisa will find
herself remembered on the occasion.
I shall expect to hear from Mr. Digby,
when the day is fixed. I am,

Dear lady Manning,

Your sincere friend,

And obedient servant,

E.

(185)

THE EARL OF E. TO MISS DIGBY.

(INCLOSED IN THE FOREGOING.)

MY DEAR LOUISA.

I WRITE to congratulate you on your approaching nuptials; and to assure you, that I not only rejoice in the prospect of your happiness with Mr. Mordaunt, but will shortly give you convincing proofs, that I am,

Your truly affectionate grand-father,

E.

MR.

MR. DIGBY TO MR. M.

St. James's-square.

MY DEAR SIR,

WHEN I wrote you from Amsterdam, I little thought that my time and attention would be so entirely engaged, as it has been. We had a tedious, and a very unpleasant passage to Harwich; for though the wind was fair when we sailed, it suddenly tacked about, and forced us to return; and after being detained two tides, we were at last obliged to beat over, with the wind in our teeth. My friend, colonel Nugent, was waiting to receive us, and gave me a melancholy account of Sir William Turner, who impatiently expected my arrival. When I have more leifure, I will give you a particular account of the distressing scene;—but as I know how much you
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are interested in mine, and Louisa's happiness, I send you a copy of Sir William's will, by whose generosity I am restored to the Priory estate, with remainder to Mr. Mordaunt. You will see by the other legacies, and the noble provision made for his lady and child, what the disposition of his mind was, previous to his death. We intend to comply with his request, in not delaying the marriage of my daughter with Mr. Mordaunt, who is recovered beyond all expectation, and will not be under the necessity of visiting a milder climate. Miss Mordaunt has given her affections to captain Manly, the deliverer of her brother, and has consented to make him happy, at the same time that my dear Louisa changes her name;—and Thursday in next week is fixed on for the happy day. After the ceremony, we shall go the to Priory, and remain there till after Christmas. As we
 are

are all in deep mourning, which we shall wear three months, in respect to Sir William's memory, (except on the wedding day) the brides cannot be presented at court, or appear in public with propriety. I rely on your promise, to visit us with your amiable daughter in the summer, and rejoice that I can receive you at the Priory.—With many thanks for your kind hospitality, I remain,

My dear Sir,

Your sincere friend,

JOHN DIGBY.

MISS

MISS DIGBY TO MISS M.

St. James's-square.

I HOPE my dear Miss M. will not impute my long silence to want of friendship, or forgetfulness of the many favours received from her, and the worthy Mr. M. Indeed, my dear friend, the mind of your Louisa has suffered various emotions since we arrived in London; and even now, when recovered from the shock of Sir William Turner's death, the near approach of the solemn engagement I am about to enter into, which will determine the happiness or misery of my future life, and in that, of my beloved father's, fills me with a variety of tender apprehensions, which not all my love for Charles Mordaunt, his known worth and tender affection, and the united sanction and approbation of all my friends, can entirely remove;—

remove ;—and if such thoughts as these will intrude themselves, previous to an union of hands, where the hearts have been long since united, what must be the temerity of those unthinking creatures, who rashly rush into matrimony, with a man of whom they know little or nothing, or perhaps, whose vices are notorious ; and against whose insinuations they have been warned, by the sagacity and affection of their parents ! What but ruin can follow such an imprudent step ? Present remorse, and future misery, must be her portion. You, my beloved friend, have like me, been deprived of a mother's watchful care and instructions ;—and like me, you are blessed with a surviving parent, who has supplied the loss, and whose goodness demands a double portion of dutiful affection. Follow then, my example, my young friend. Make your father the confidant of all your secrets ;
—open

—open your heart to him without reserve, and suffer no tender emotions to take root there, till he approves the object of its growing inclinations. In eight days, your Louisa Digby will be the wife of Charles Mordaunt. May I be enabled to fulfil the duties of that important station, and keep the place I now hold in his heart! If this blessing be allotted me, I will receive it as a gift from Heaven, for a dutiful attention to a father's happiness, and glory in it, as *the reward of an affectionate daughter.*—
Adieu, my sweet friend—Continue to love

Your

LOUISA DIGBY.

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CONCLUSION BY THE EDITOR.

HERE the correspondence ends;—but the editor subjoins the following short account, for the satisfaction of the reader :—On Thursday the day of December 1777, the Rev. Mr. Mordaunt and Miss Digby, were married by doctor Blewett, in St. James's church, by a special licence, in the presence of lady Manning, Mrs. Mordaunt, lord L. general Somers, Mr. Digby, and colonel Nugent; and at the same time Miss Mordaunt gave her hand to captain Manly; their mourning was laid aside for that day, and their appearance as elegant as morning dresses would admit of. After the double ceremony was performed, they returned to lady Manning's, who gave a sumptuous entertainment on the occasion; but there was no ball, or other company invited, from

from respect to lady Turner, who resides in the same square, and returned to her own house the evening before. Mr. Digby had given previous directions for the reception of his friends at the Priory;—and on Friday morning the whole party left town, except lord L. and Mrs. Mordaunt; (the latter having kindly consented to remain in town with lady Turner) they slept that night at the Castle at Marlborough, and arrived at the Priory the next day to dinner. Mr. Digby was met by his tenants, and many respectable gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who testified their satisfaction at his coming again to his estate. The worthy doctor Blewett died soon after, universally regretted;—but before that event, he had the pleasure to see his niece married to Mr. Wilkins, and happily settled; Mr. Digby having procured him a living of 200*l.* per annum, on the borders of the

county. Mr. Mordaunt accepted the living of the Priory, at his lady's request;—and they have fitted up the parsonage house in an elegant manner. The gardens are contiguous to the Priory park, with a delightful walk through a shrubbery, about a quarter of a mile long—a circular coach way is also made through the grounds, which leads to both houses, without going into the public road. Lady Manning died in about two years, and left the greatest part of her large fortune to Mr. Mordaunt's children. Mrs. Mordaunt, sen. also died soon after. Captain Manly obtained first a majority, and then a lieutenant colonelcy of horse, and resided some time in Ireland; but they are now in England, general Somers having obtained leave to resign his regiment in favor of colonel Manly. Lord B. resided several years abroad, and died lately at Florence. On the death of the
 earl

earl of E. the title will be extinct; but
 as he is doatingly fond of Mrs. Mor-
 daunt and her children, he is using all
 his influence, which is very great, to ob-
 tain it for Mr. Digby, with remainder
 to Mr. Mordaunt's eldest son, who is
 one of the finest youths in the kingdom.
 Lady Turner was prevailed on, when
 she laid aside her mourning, to give her
 hand to lord L. and has thereby obtain-
 ed a powerful protector for herself and
 daughter, and an honourable introduction
 into the great world. Mrs. and Miss
 M. came from Hanover the ensuing
 summer, to pay the promised visit at
 the Priory. There Miss M. captivated
 a neighbouring baronet of very large
 fortune, to whom she was soon after
 married, and is settled within a few
 miles of the Priory, to the great satisfac-
 tion of Mrs. Mordaunt. Mr. Digby was
 returned again for the county, and
 lately received an address of thanks

from his constituents, for his warm support of the minister on a late occasion. Colonel Nugent will never marry; he has adopted colonel Manly's eldest son, to whom he stood god-father, and whom it is supposed he will make his heir. Mrs. Mordaunt, with as much beauty as ever fell to the share of woman, with accomplishments that would adorn the highest station, prefers the charms of retirement, and the pleasures of domestic happiness, to those of the great world,—with which she is, however, sometimes obliged to mingle; but always returns with additional satisfaction to her rural habitation. Mr. Mordaunt refuses to accept of any further preferment, or church dignity, from a noble principle—he says he could not answer it to his conscience, to deprive a worthy man of those advantages which his merit intitle him to, his own fortune being already larger, even than he wishes;

wishes ; but he is conscientiously strict in the duties of his own parish—which he constantly performs in person, except for three months, when he is in London ; indeed it is a charming sight in this dissipated age, to see so young and lovely a mother, with six beautiful children, regularly attending her public duties, and listening with visible delight to the elegant and accomplished husband and parent, zealously instructing his family and parishioners in their duty to God and man. Soon after his marriage, he sought for a proper person to superintend the education of his children, and was happy enough to engage a clergyman of excellent character and abilities ;—to whom he has committed the care of his three sons ; they reside with Mr. Digby at the Priory, at his particular request, and he spends a great deal of his time in forming their young minds ;—to this gentleman also, Mr.

Mordaunt

Mordaunt intrusts the care of his parish in the winter months, and being perfectly satisfied with his conduct and character in every respect, has made a handsome provision for him. A strict friendship subsists between lady L. lady W. (late Miss M.) Mrs. Mordaunt, and Mrs. Manly; they are almost constantly together when in town, and visit each other every summer in the country. Mr. Turner and Mr. Rapley are also inseparable companions; they are at the head of every fashionable dissipation, and ruining their health and their fortunes as fast as they can. Mr. and Mrs. Mordaunt have been now married almost twelve years; she is the mother of eight fine children, and is at the writing of this, one of the most beautiful and accomplished women in England. Mr. Mordaunt's large fortune and great connections, afford him the means of being a blessing to his parish and the neighbourhood;

bourhood; his extensive charity and benevolence are spoke of throughout the county; Mr. Digby and he are united by every tie that can bind virtuous minds to each other, and except their grief for the death of Mrs. Mordaunt, they have passed their lives with scarce an interruption to their happiness—and the lovely Louisa, the heroine of this little, but true story, has received the REWARD OF AN AFFECTIONATE DAUGHTER.

THE END.